Saturday Review

October 26, 1963 25¢

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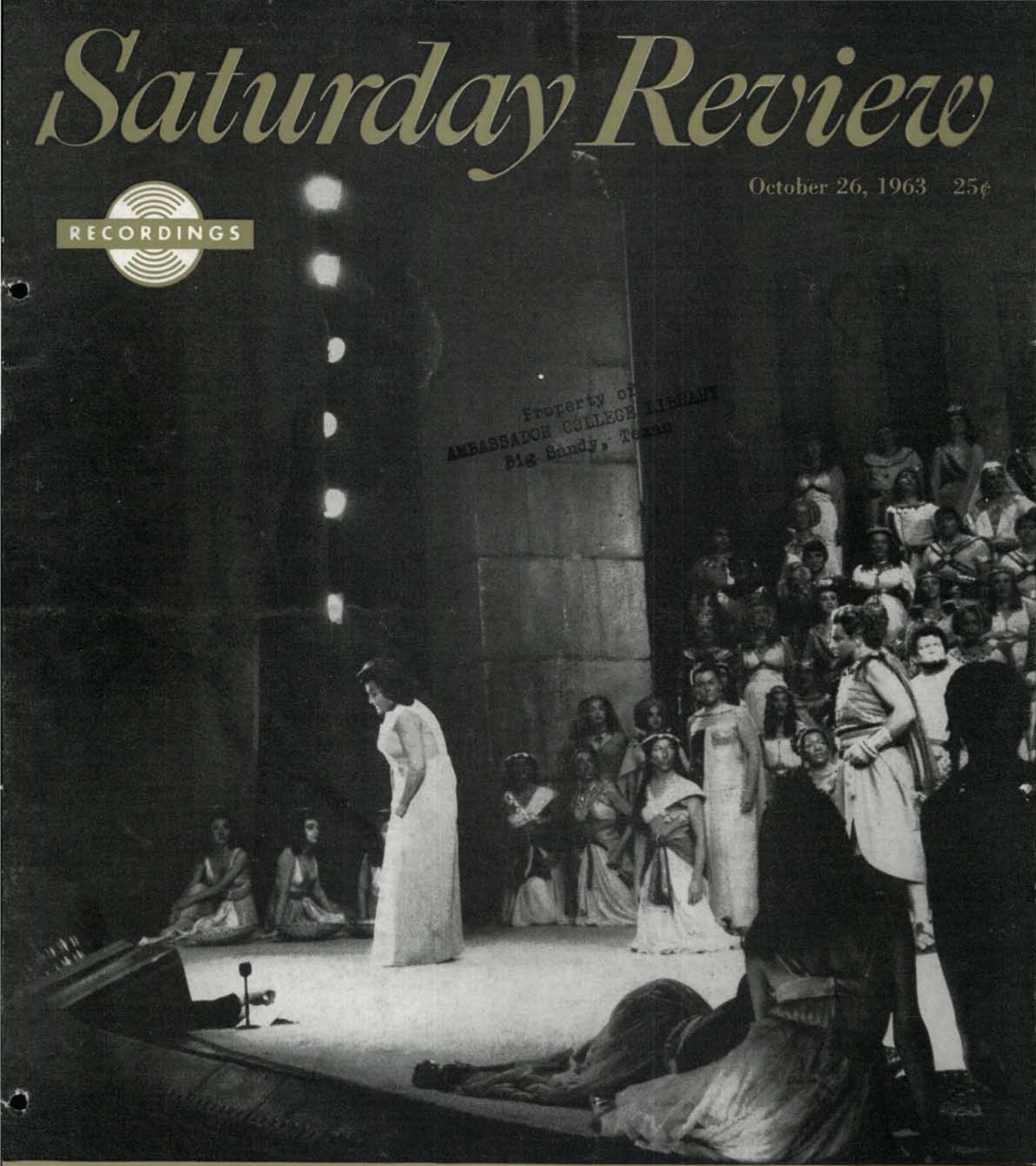

Birgit Nilsson (left) as Aida in the New Metropolitan Opera production
(See Music to My Ears)

THE CASE OF THE VANISH

By Katharine Ku

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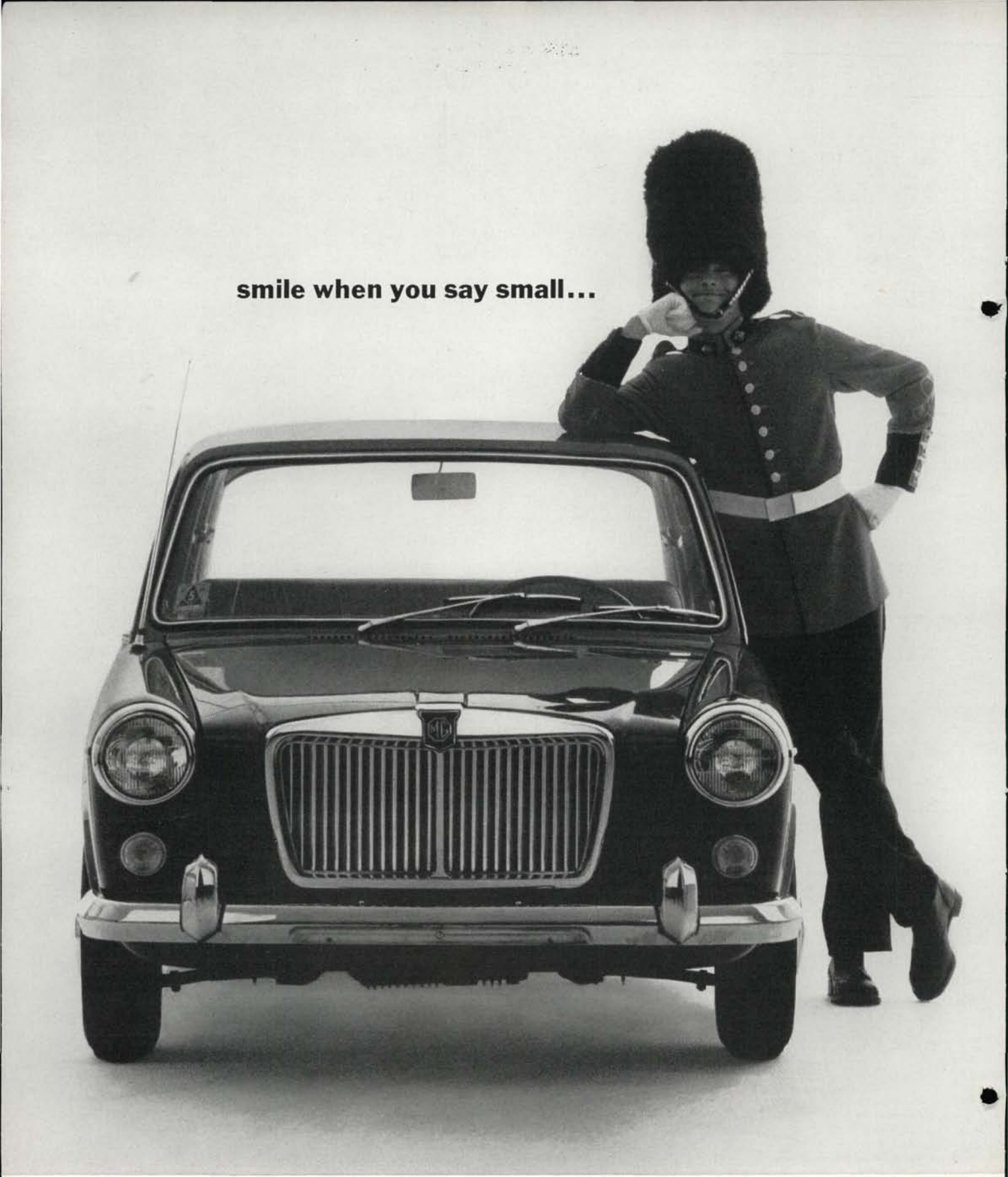

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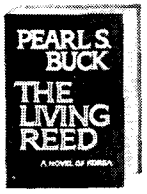

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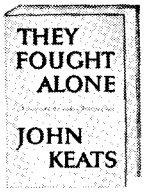

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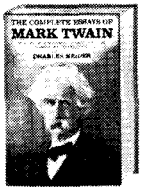

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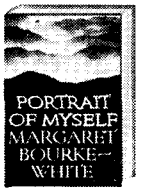

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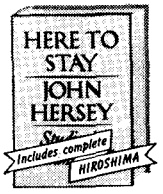

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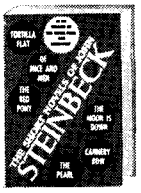

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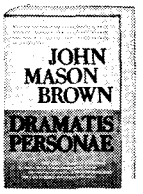

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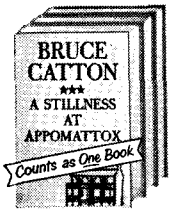

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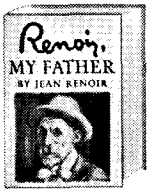

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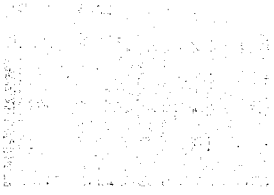

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COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Edited by Martin Levin

WOMAN

WOMAN, thy name is not always Vanity, nor are you necessarily a Sometime Thing.

What then are you, Woman? (Patience.) The topographical details that distinguish women from men are obvious. I go deeper. I concern myself with the inner woman, the psyche of the female, the habit of mind that marks her apart from the male.

Boldly, now!

1. Woman, you are a creature who believes in a draft. If I question you closely and ask the difference between a draft and a breeze, you will struggle to express yourself. Finally, you will conclude that a breeze is a gentle wind that strikes the entire body, while a draft is a breeze that strikes only part of the body. Sitting in a breeze is pleasant, but sitting in a draft invites the Red Death.

2. Woman, you may have great charm but you do not trust the mailbox. Whenever you post a letter, you bang shut the little slit in the mailbox, then open it again and peek to make sure that nobody has repealed the law of gravity. You have absolutely no faith in the ability of a letter to fall from the top of a mailbox to the bottom.

3. Woman, you are an enchanting wisp but a slave to the ritual of boiling water. If you put a kettle up, you must fill the kettle from the cold water tap. If you fill it from the hot water tap and then boil it (far more rapidly), you fear it gives you an end product (boiling water) with properties that would astound and dismay a chemist. The belief that cold, and never hot, water should be boiled may be mystic but it is basic to you. Logic cannot enter the lists against faith.

4. Woman, you are much preoccupied with heat. Before pouring hot water in a glass you always insert a spoon first so that the metal will absorb the heat and keep the glass from cracking. If I tell you that glass has not cracked in this manner for the last twenty years, your response will be simple and direct. You will not believe me. You will go on heating spoons until eternity.

5. Woman, you consider a refrigerator a more delicate instrument than a seismograph. If I open the refrigerator door, extract a beer, and then poke around for ten or fifteen seconds, searching for goodies, you will grow faint. The refrigerator door is open! Blue mold will blossom on the surface of the meat! The cry of curdling milk will be heard in the land! Five more seconds of the Open Door Policy and you will toss out every bit of food in the refrigerator, convinced that it has all turned to hemlock. I do not respond with reason. I close the refrigerator door and apologize. It is better that way.

6. Woman, you believe that wet feet are a nonfilterable virus, and that germs lodge between the toes on rainy days.

7. Woman, from June to late September you fear mayonnaise because it strikes down picknickers by the thousands. Mild, soft, creamy, gentle mayonnaise turns vicious and strikes first this intestine, and then that, and that, and that, and that!

8. Woman, you are a biological entity that will take a new potato peeler, grasp it in your hand, and draw it *toward* you, using the ingenious instrument in exactly the wrong way. I will take the potato peeler, hold it as I would a knife, and peel rapidly and efficiently by stroking *away* from the body. If I demonstrate this to you, you will be reasonable and agree that my way is faster, but you will also be unreasonable and insist that your way is better.

9. Woman, you believe in different types of air. For example, let us assume that I am sitting in a New York

The Prefix Is In

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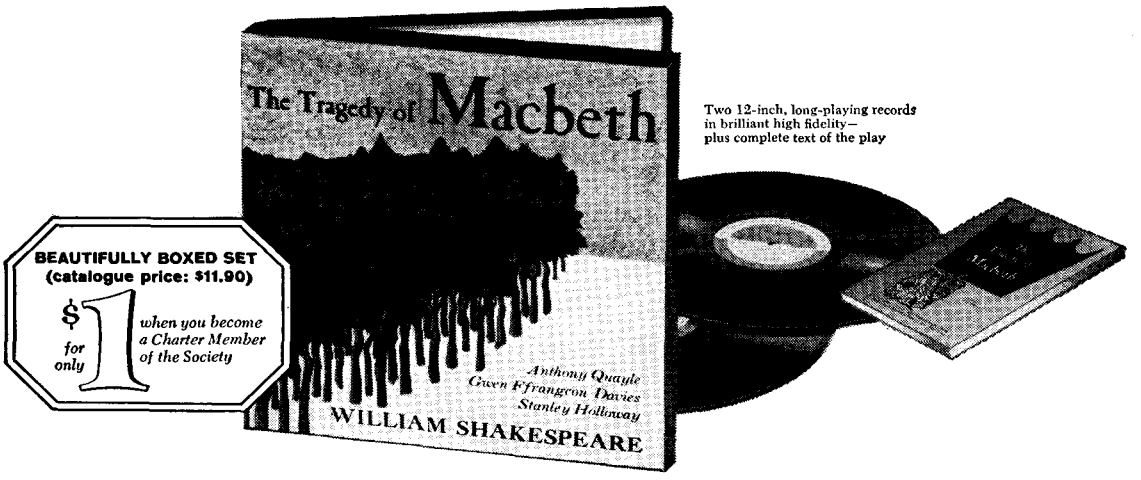
A limited offering of the widely-heralded Shakespeare Recording Society production of Macbeth...at an extraordinary price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City apartment on a June day, contemplating my zip number with a woman. No air-conditioning complicates the matter. The windows are open. A happy infant lies in a crib. You will insist that I take the infant out for some "fresh air." You firmly believe that the composition of the air outside the open window is different from the composition of the air inside the open window. What avails chemical analysis?

I would not like anyone to conclude from all this that I believe women are inferior to men. I do not. I believe only that they are nuttier.

—Ira Wallach.

• • •

PREFIX, ANYONE?

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 30—A band of irate citizens won a victory today in the battle to prevent the American Telephone and Telegraph Company from converting the nation's telephone system to all-digit dialing.—The New York Times.

BUT out here in Bakersfield it's been a one-man fight all the way.

When the telephone company said, "You are no longer SPring 4-5754," I laughed. "To you it's 774-5754," I bellowed to unhearing ears, "but to me it's still SPring." I thought then of mountain greenery. And when my bank asked me how I wanted my telephone number printed on my checkbooks, I said, "SPring 4-5754," and stood faithfully by my abused prefix. The teller at the bank smiled knowingly.

But fate and the telephone company were to hurl lightning at me yet. I moved from my former home to a new community, and when the telephone lineman installed my new color telephone he pleasantly informed me of my new number.

"Eight - seven - one - two - six - seven - five," he said.

"That's fine," I chuckled. "What is it really?"

"Eight-seven-one," he emphasized.

"No, no," I said to his much confused reply, "what was the prefix before it became these ridiculous numbers? I'd like to be able to tell my friends and associates. They'll remember it better if they have the prefix."

"Ayet-sevvenn-wahuhnn," he intoned. When I frowned he added, "This is a new neighborhood. There are just the digits here. There never was any prefix."

I was in bed for a week recovering. I was lost. *They* had won. My world, my life, my happiness were strung as thin as their telephone wires across my back alley. I trembled at night under my covers, but I did not surrender. Weak from my agony, I put what remained of my mind to work and retaliated.

My solution is simple. It is a blessing to all. I have lived to fight again. On the dial of my telephone for the numbers eight and seven are the letters TUV and PAS. Needing only the eight and seven from which to make a prefix, I came up with several interesting possibilities.

Now when my friends call me and ask, I tell them my number is URsulic Acid 1-2675. Sometimes, for my friends with poor memories, I limit my number to UP 1-2675. When I was feeling gay I told my employers my new telephone number was TRansylvania 1-2675. In making long distance telephone calls (I abhor direct distance dialing) the operator asks, "Your *number*, please?" I reply, depending on my inclination, "URanium 1-2675," or "VRitra 1-2675," or if the occasion is Halloween, "TRick or TReat 1-2675." My bank has asked that I clarify my request for a loan; on my application I gave my new telephone number as URgency 1-2675.

Victory is mine. Won't you join me? I can be reached, day or night, at USquebaugh 1-2675.

—A. B. Silver.

The New Word

By Ted Isaac

CURLED importantly around this word,
Moistly Devra's tongue nudges it forward,

Bouncing off her teeth, splitting the purse
Of her lips, this sounding seed in search

Of fertile ground, sails supporting air;
Nestles noisily in her sister's ear,

Roots there, goes instantly again to seed,
Shoots forth on Dafna's lisp, a windy ride.

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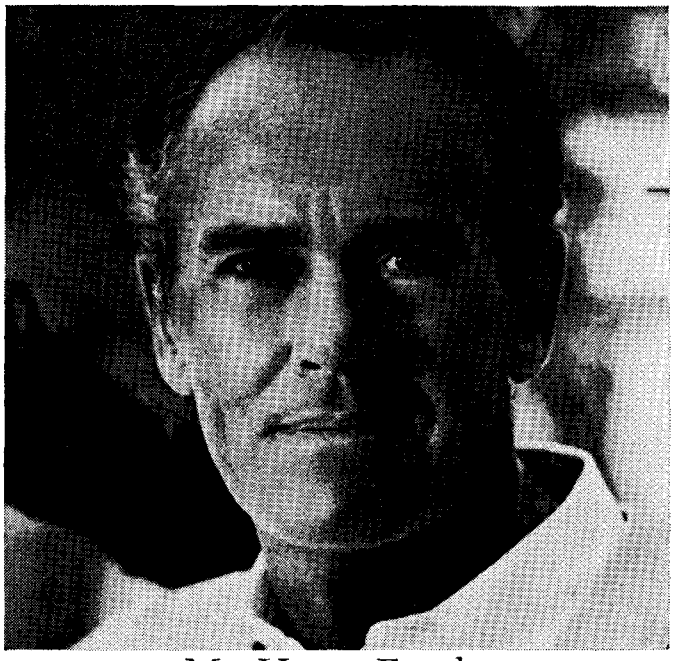


Mr. Henry Fonda,
distinguished American actor, is a member of the Hudson Book Club.

Discriminating readers find that membership in the HUDSON BOOK CLUB is a continuously satisfying experience. Economy is only one of the pleasures it affords. If you take your reading seriously — if books play too important a role in your life to be chosen solely by their position on the bestseller list—then you, too, will enjoy associating yourself with others who share your tastes. You will save an average of one-half on books you would ordinarily buy anyway—by means of low Members' Prices and free Bonus Books.

The current new membership offer (up to $25.45 worth of books for only $3.00) makes a cancellable trial membership especially inviting.

Why not join today without risk or obligation?

Any three for $1.00 each

with a trial membership.

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT NOW!

HUDSON BOOK CLUB, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N.Y.

You may enroll me as a trial member of the HUDSON BOOK CLUB and send me these THREE selections for only $1 each.

1 _____ 2 _____ 3 _____

☐ Please bill me $3.00 plus shipping charge. ☐ I enclose $3.00. Club will pay shipping.

Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional selections (or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four I accept after this introductory offer.

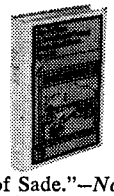
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this Special Offer, you may return the selections within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

MS-158



JOU PU TUAN (PRAYER MAT OF FLESH). "... a strange book, brimming with Buddhism. We are in the copulatory place of the *Francion* or of Sade."—*Nouvelle Revue Francaise.* **List Price $6.50**

THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS. By Norman Mailer. *Papers to remedy the President's "intellectual malnutrition" by a "court wit"* and *"amateur advisor"*, who pulls for "existential styles of political thought" in a series of topics from *Capital Punishment* and *The Black Bourgeoisie* to *Cannibalism* and *The First Lady as a Television Entertainer.* **List Price $5.00**

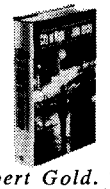
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN: By Henry Miller. "A *moral* work of great perception and feeling. The forces of censorship haven't a prayer against Miller's strength, conviction, and vitality."—*Richard Seaver.* **List Price $7.50**

AMERICA AS A MASS SOCIETY. Ed. by Philip Olson. A candid, scholarly and at times merciless study of our Mass Society through the eyes of sociology, anthropology and psychiatry. These are major essays by some of the foremost authorities of our day. **List Price $7.95**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. First American publication of the third volume in his world-famous forbidden trilogy. "A remarkable work of art. How could this ever be called pornographic?" — *Maxwell Geismar.* **List Price $5.00**

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest Jones. One-volume edition of "one of the great biographies of our time." —*The Atlantic.* Ed. and abridged by Lionel Trilling & Steven Marcus. **List Price $7.50**

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. Europe 1100-1350. By Friedrich Heer. The "high noon" of medieval civilization — its art and society, its literature, religion, politics and philosophy, its beauty and its brutality —recreated with grandeur and excitement. 100 illustrations. **List Price $7.50**



CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. This novel about a male prostitute is electrifying the literary world. "A wild descent into hell. Unforgettable." —*Herbert Gold.* "A humbling and liberating achievement." — *James Baldwin.* **List Price $5.95**

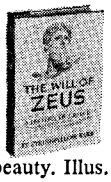
Gibbon's **DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.** A Modern Abridgement by Moses Hadas. The essence of this monumental work, brilliantly edited for the modern reader. **List Price $4.95**

MYTHS OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. By Michael Grant. A great classical scholar strips away the prudery that covered the myths when we learned them in school. Illus. **List Price $7.50**

THE HERITAGE OF PERSIA. By Richard Frye. One of the world's great civilizations — from the Medes to Darius, Xerxes, Zoroaster, and the Islamic conquest. 64 pages of illustrations. **List Price $7.50**

MARY McCARTHY'S THEATRE CHRONICLES 1937-1962. Uncompromising criticism, trenchant and original prose, and the ability to discuss theatre as a branch of intellectual and social history make all of McCarthy's controversial essays immediate, fresh and vital. **List Price $4.50**

ANTI - INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Is America's *notorious philistinism* rooted in our deepest democratic beliefs? A revealing study by the Pulitzer-Prizewinning author of *The Age of Reform.* **List Price $6.95**



THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A history of Greece that is also a consummate literary achievement. Written with power, grandeur and beauty. Illus. **List Price $10**

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO. By Geoffrey Bibbey. *Life in the millennium* which saw the birth of Abraham, the building of Stonehenge, the glory of Egypt, sack of Troy, and fall of Knossos. Illus. **List Price $6.95**

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"like an amorous tigress"

LEONTYNE PRICE AS TOSCA

When she clung to Cavaradossi "like an amorous tigress," Scarpia tells Tosca, that is the moment he swore to possess her. On a new Red Seal recording Leontyne Price as Tosca, Giuseppe Taddei as the diabolical Scarpia and Giuseppe Di Stefano as Cavaradossi infuse this scene and indeed the whole opera, with an unequalled power and passion!

At the time the recording was being made in Vienna, Herbert von Karajan was conducting Tosca at the Vienna Opera with the same leading artists. A critic observed, "Karajan made a new opera of it... That's magic." You will find all that "magic" captured on this new recording.

The handsome sixty-four page libretto-booklet presented with the two-record album makes this Tosca a magnificent addition in both sight and sound to every record library.

RCA VICTOR
RED SEAL RECORDS

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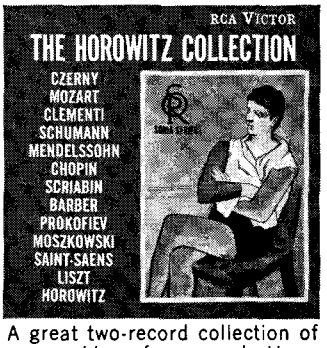
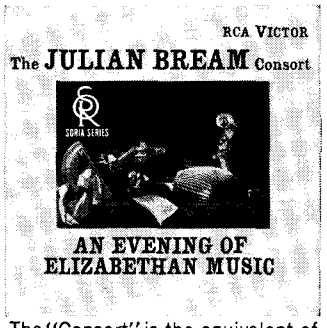
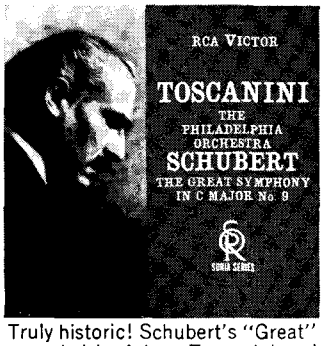
Three more magnificent Red Seal albums!



A great two-record collection of memorable performances by Horowitz on RCA Victor. The accompanying brochure features paintings from Horowitz' famous collection.



The "Consort" is the equivalent of an Elizabethan dance band! The music is as lively as you'd expect from that lusty period. An unusual and handsomely packaged album.

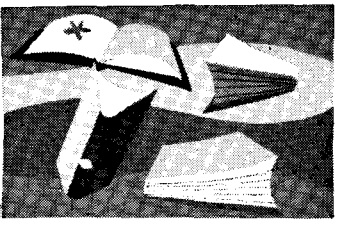


Truly historic! Schubert's "Great" recorded by Arturo Toscanini and the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1941. Packaged with a brochure featuring rare pictures of the Maestro.

RCA VICTOR

The most trusted name in sound

Trade Winds



YOU CAN BE SURE that one of the brightest chaps on Madison Avenue, David Ogilvy, would turn out a book full of sensible advice and good stories. It's *Confessions of an Advertising Man* (Atheneum), reviewed in *SR*'s October 12 issue. Ogilvy is usually remembered as the originator of the Hathaway shirt ads, the Rolls-Royce ads, and the Schweppes ads. He is so effective that

he can and does turn down business.

He tells about the time the Rayon Manufacturers' Association was looking for an ad agency. Ogilvy went to them with his pitch. The chairman told him he had fifteen minutes to give it. "Then," the chairman said, "I will ring this bell, and the representative of the next agency, waiting outside, will follow you."

Before starting, Ogilvy asked three questions, learning that there were at least five end uses of rayon that had to be covered in the campaign, and that there was but $600,000 available.

"How many people must okay the advertisements?" was his third question. Answer: the twelve committee members of the Association.

"Ring the bell!" Ogilvy said, and walked out.

EDUCATED AT OXFORD, Ogilvy started his career as a chef in the kitchens of the Hotel Majestic in Paris. He did a lot of other interesting things before he came to this country. The inside of the dust jacket of his book reprints eight of his most famous ads, but the eye-patched fellow in the Hathaway Shirt is missing. It seems that Baron Wrangell, the model for this celebrated series, had a falling-out with Mr. Ogilvy and would not give permission for the publisher to use the ad in which he appears. That's one selling job in which Ogilvy failed.

HERE IS THE TEXT of a letter sent by a Seattle woman to an editor of *Look* magazine: "Please mail sample copy of *Look* to me. What are your subscription rates? I would like to submit a manuscript to you for your consideration and, later on, possibly subscribe."

THE NATIONAL LAUGH PARTY, the political arm of the National Association of Gagwriters, will hold its annual convention in New York a few days from now. This meeting will be the first step in a campaign to get funnier men nominated and perhaps elected to Congress and to the White House.

The National Laugh Party calls for those dissatisfied with the Democratic, Republican, Socialist, Vegetarian, and other parties to join in. The party's aim is to get even just one comedian elected to office to help promote a national sense of humor. Where it cannot get representation on the ballot, it will endorse candidates who have a sense of humor. The main problem now is that there aren't enough funny people to run for office. Suggestions are welcome.

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of politics, let me quote from the Bard's advice to some of us:

Neither a Barry, nor a Nelson be;
For Nels oft loses both self and friend,
And Barry dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then vote for any man.

A LETTER THAT APPEARED recently in a British publication for bicycle enthusiasts called *Cycling and Mopeds* reported:

"Whilst out training recently I tested myself over the old OIA course which runs alongside RAF Finningley (a V-Bomber base) for some distance. Through overestimating my strength I was forced to dismount and lie on the ground not far from the camp runway.

"Within minutes I was surrounded by military policeman and forcibly carried into camp. Because of my attire,

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Why you should own the newly revised COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

We live in a fact-minded age. Perhaps in no other period of history has man's need for concise, accurate information on every conceivable subject been so acute.

Since it first appeared in 1935, the COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA has provided a complete general reference *in a single volume* unrivaled for comprehensiveness, authority, and convenience. Approximately one million owners have made it the cornerstone of their home, school, and office libraries.

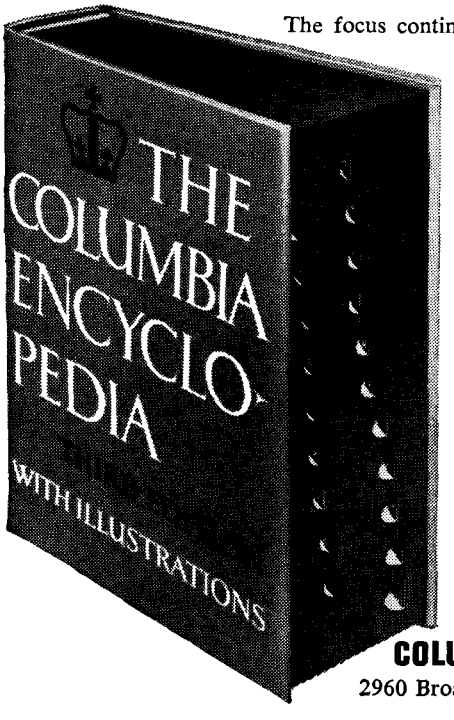
Today the COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, hailed by *Life* as the "best one-volume encyclopedia," is made available to the American public in the all new Third Edition —completely revised, up-dated and completely reset for the first time since 1950.

Here is the world of 1963 condensed into a single volume: the world of John F. Kennedy, Nikita Khrushchev and Fidel Castro; the world of abstract expressionism, electronic music, and of Edward Albee and J. D. Salinger. Here too is the world of space exploration, artificial satellites, and nuclear powered submarines; the world of new vaccines and startling discoveries that have revolutionized the old concept of genetics; the world of Mao Tse-tung and Jackson Pollock, of the Alliance for Progress and the European Common Market. In addition, readers will find the old world well represented and sometimes refurbished, as with the discovery of a new play by Menander and the new inscriptions of the Hittites.

The Third Edition of the COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA follows the pattern and the standards of the earlier editions that have made the work a major American reference book. Moreover, the Third Edition has distinctive and important new features. There are 42 pages of illustrations, 20 maps that show the latest political and geographical changes, and 9 pages of charts, including a periodic table, pages on the languages of the world, and 4 pages on national parks and monuments in the U. S.

Because interest has been necessarily directed to such regions as Africa and Asia, the new edition of the ENCYCLOPEDIA has greatly expanded coverage of those areas, with articles on new states and new leaders as well as more material on the older civilizations and their records.

The focus continues to be American. There are articles on all towns of the United States with a population of 1,000 or more and biographical entries for all figures of more than passing importance. Mexico and Canada also are treated in considerable detail, and Latin America has been given more emphasis than is usual in encyclopedias. There is an entry for every proper name in the Bible.



Here is an encyclopedia that is designed for everyone. America's booksellers invite you to examine the book in their stores, and to take advantage of a limited-time special price offer which can save you almost $5.00 if you act now. The price until Nov. 3, 1963, is $45.00. Thereafter, $49.50.

Page size—8¾" x 11¾"
2400 pages
7½ million words
75,000 articles

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
2960 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10027

jeans, combat jacket and woolen cap, I had been mistaken for a CND demonstrator and I spent the weekend in an RAF jail before the mistake was discovered.

"I write this in hope that it may help other cyclists to avoid such an experience and as an explanation to my many friends in the North Midlands area who may be wondering why I did not start in the Rutland CC 100-mile time trial."

SHARPS AND FLATS: Is Key West still displaying that sign calling itself the southernmost community in the U. S.? It isn't any more.

► Lee Macey drove along the New Jersey Turnpike and saw a green sign with white letters stating "This is Orange."

► Harold Wheeler writes from the West Indies and asks only, "Is it true what they say about Dixie?"

► The Pineville-Middlesboro (Kentucky) *Sun-Courier* called George H. McEntire a "died-in-the-wool Confederate." Gypsy Wilson says he would make a fine addition to Madame Tussaud's collection.

► Leonard Lyons tells the story about the young reporter in Kansas City who was assigned to write obituaries. A veteran told the cub that Hearst was in town, and if the cub did notable work, Hearst might sign him. The next day's *Star* carried this obit lead by the cub: "It always was Mr. and Mrs. Tom Johnson's wish to die together. Half that wish was fulfilled last night. . . ." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1541)

FRANCIS BELLO:
THE CITY AND THE CAR
(From *The Exploding Metropolis*, by the editors of Fortune)

The motorist is not "strangling" the city—as a matter of fact he drives in and out a lot faster than he thinks. . . . Outside of business hours, mass transit has the dreariest associations, and nothing dampens an evening in town quite so much as going home by bus.

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Part 2 of the Rover Advertisement*

ILO-ILO, ZAMBOANGA, AND CEBU

Ken Purdy *(continued)*

Although the Rover Company of Solihull, England, went into business—making the first modern bicycle—in 1878, it is, on the record, one of the most radical automobile manufacturing outfits in the world. The very modern air-cooled engine? Rover made 17,000 air-cooled cars in the early 1920's, and a rear engine air-cooled car in 1931.

Mr. J. K. Starley (co-founder) mounting early Rover.

The gas-turbine engine, which will run on almost anything from aviation gasoline to low-proof moonshine whiskey, may well be the automobile engine of the future, and if you have the impression that the thing was invented in Detroit, you are wrong.

First Gas Turbine

In 1950, *thirteen years ago,* Rover put the first gas-turbine engine car on the road. It produced 200 H.P., did 151 mph, would accelerate to 100 in 13.2 seconds, and was stopped by disc brakes. The present Rover gas-turbine car is the fifth generation model, and is the first successful turbine race car.

00 Emerges Victorious

Running in the 24-hour race at Le Mans, France, in June, this car, chassis by British Racing Motors, engine by Rover, won a 25,000 Franc prize put up for the first gas-turbine car to average 93 mph at Le Mans. Starting 30 seconds behind the field of 48 cars, to emphasize the difference between it and the rest, and carrying the number 00 for the same reason, the Rover came in seventh in total distance covered, *averaging 108 mph* for 24 hours and 2,592 miles.

Hill & Ginther Triumph

Driven by the present champion of the world, Graham Hill, and the American *Grand Prix* driver, Richie Ginther, the Rover came in behind six of the almost-invincible Ferraris, possibly the greatest long distance race cars of all time. In this notoriously car killing race, 48 of the best and fastest automobiles in the world had started. Thirteen finished, and some of them in rough shape. The Rover, rolling down the straights at 149 mph, almost without a sound, apparently would have run another 2,592 miles if the pit crew had stayed around to fill the tank with kerosene now and then. *(To be continued)*

RECENT AMERICAN ADVERTISING RESEARCH suggests that the perfect combination of words for the ideal headline—eye catching-wise—is not, as was thought, "Amazing New Free Offer!", but the names of three Philippine ports: "Ilo-ilo, Zamboanga, and Cebu."

Apparently it has only one drawback: it is a very hard headline to work into ads for such staples as aspirin, Telly dinners, or Europe. Fortunately we are able to use it, since we have Rover dealers in all three of the cities.

So if you are going to the Philippines, or to any one of 160-odd other countries, you can order a Rover or Land-Rover here and pick it up there, at considerable savings. For details, please write or call Mr. Patrick Savage, Roverseas Delivery Plan 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., YU 6-0220. He will be delighted.

AMAZING NEW FREE OFFER!

As noted elsewhere on this page, this all-time champion headline has probably been deposed by "Ilo-ilo, Zamboanga, and Cebu."

However, we actually do have an amazing new free offer: a subscription to The Rover News, published monthly at our headquarters in England. While you may be but mildly beguiled by the personal items ("Two '21sts' at Acocks Green" and "Best Idea of The Month Prize for Percy Road Men"), there are also many gripping articles of general and historical Rover interest; profusely illustrated. For your free subscription please write: Rover News, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Also of historical interest, may we suggest Col. 1 at left in which Mr. Ken Purdy, the eminent American writer and car buff, continues his remarks.

BILLBOARD QUERY INSERTED

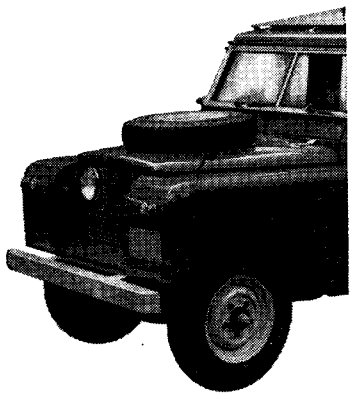
The recent Rover advertisement titled "How Do You Feel About Billboards?" has been inserted in the Congressional Record by Senator Maurine B. Neuberger, Pages 11743-4. (If you would like a report on other repercussions of our enquiry, drop us a note.)

NEXT! "THE LAND ROVER AND CRIME"

Due to the increasing popularity of the Land-Rover as a "get-away car" in Britain's larger robberies—possibly because of the capacious rear-door—we are devoting the entirety of Part 3, next, to the subject.

(Advertisement)

THE LAND-ROVER IS BUILT TO WITHSTAND THE FULL CHARGE OF A BULL RHINOCEROS



THIS ADVERTISEMENT, with what is possibly the world's first to-be-continued photo, shows the front end of a model 88 station wagon. The Land-Rover, the world's most versatile 4-wheel drive vehicle, comes in so many styles and variations—depending on what you want it for—that each one is virtually custom made to your own needs. A family *(To be concluded)*

*©1963 (Part 1 appeared in an earlier issue) Rover Motor Co. of North America Ltd., 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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THE STRUGGLE OF THE MODERN

Stephen Spender

"Spender's best book of criticism." — John Wain $5.00

THE WILD GARDEN

Angus Wilson

A frank, autobiographical statement about the craft of the novel and the creative process. $3.75

SCHOLARS AND GYPSIES

An Autobiography

Walter Starkie

The first volume in the autobiography of one of the world's most versatile and cosmopolitan men. $5.95

FAULKNER'S PEOPLE

A Complete Guide and Index to Characters in the Fiction of William Faulkner

Robert W. Kirk with Marvin Klotz
$5.95

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Lona Mosk Packer

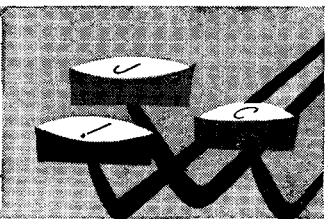
A brilliant and authoritative study of one of English literature's few great women poets, heretofore a mysterious and enigmatic figure. $9.00

Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by the same author

THE ROSSETTI-MACMILLAN LETTERS
Some 133 Unpublished Letters Written to Alexander Macmillan, F. S. Ellis, and others by Dante Gabriel, Christina, and William Michael Rossetti, 1861-1889
$4.00

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley 4

Manner of Speaking



DEAD GERANIUMS: Every teacher sooner or later winds up with a private collection of weird examination answers, and having myself darkened enough classrooms to have caught the basic occupational diseases, I have culled a fair collection of my own. Inevitably, that means a story coming on. But fear not. My present purpose is not to start an academic joke book. What I really have in mind is one more sneaky way of leaving a lot of mail unanswered. But first the story.

Back in 1940 I taught a summer school course in modern poetry at the University of Kansas City and, as it ever must, examination time came on. A standard examination device in such courses is a series of "spot passages," unidentified specimen quotations from the poets studied in the course. In that section of the examination the student is instructed to identify the author of each passage and to give reasons for each identification.

Ideally, such passages should be taken from poems not specifically assigned as part of the course reading. The idea is to test not the student's memory, but his ear for the qualities of each poet's speaking voice.

As such, it is a fair minimum test. Many students who seem to be hopeless at assembling a critical reasoning process do nonetheless have a sound ear. Given a previously unknown passage, they can recognize it as being in the manner of one poet or another. When they are able to do that much, even when they seem to have no summonable critical discourse, I am tempted to believe that a minimum recognition has taken place and—all else permitting—to let it go for a low pass.

This summer school class, however, was made up of school teachers. I am reporting no more than simple fact—and sadly—when I say that the work done in our college summer sessions, when the teachers come flooding in to pick up their advancement credits, falls a whacking cut below the standards required of undergraduates in the regular school year, low as those standards too often are. Although that summer session was my first experience teaching teachers, I had discovered long before final-exam time that I could not insist on normal undergraduate standards unless I was prepared to flunk 90 per cent of the class.

I was neither as old nor as mean then as I am now and I was not so prepared. I not only took my spot passages from poems that had been specifically assigned, but from poems that had been discussed at some length in class.

One passage was from Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night." I hoped the teachers would identify it not only as Eliot's but as an example of his "shock" style, of the sort of passage that begins with a smoothly standard "poetic" diction, tone, and rhythm, but then shifts abruptly into a tonal discord, a hard rhythm, and a clashingly "unpoetic" image. One such passage is the opening of "Prufrock." The first two lines set off as languidly as the early Yeats:

> Let us go then, you and I,
> When the evening is spread out against the sky,

Then they are followed by the abruptly shifting third line:

> Like a patient etherized upon a table.

The passage I selected was another such (as, in fact, we had discussed in class), the first line all languid flowing; the second, socko:

> Midnight shakes the memory
> As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

One of my teachers had a bad time with that passage. First she wrote "T. S. Eliot." Then she crossed that out and wrote "Hart Crane," only to cross that out and write again "T. S. Eliot," Then back to Crane, and back again to Eliot, and so on through a dozen vacillations till she crossed out the last "T. S. Eliot" with one great bold stroke and wrote in firm block letters, adding an outsize exclamation point as her monument to mind: "HART CRANE!"

Her choice so made, it was time to add some reasons for it. Her comment —unforgettable word for word—ran: "At first I thought this was by T. S. Eliot. But Eliot is more of a negativist. And Hart Crane is more of a positivist. And a madman may be doing a silly thing shaking a dead geranium, but at least he's trying!"

This prairie flower of my first academic summer has popped in and out of my mind any number of times since. In my private mythology, in fact, she is the nymph Inflexa, the patroness of

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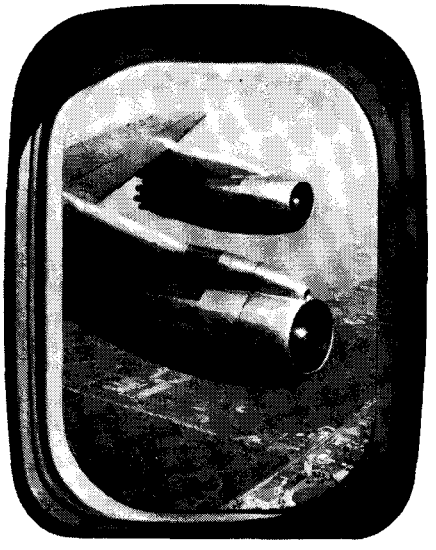

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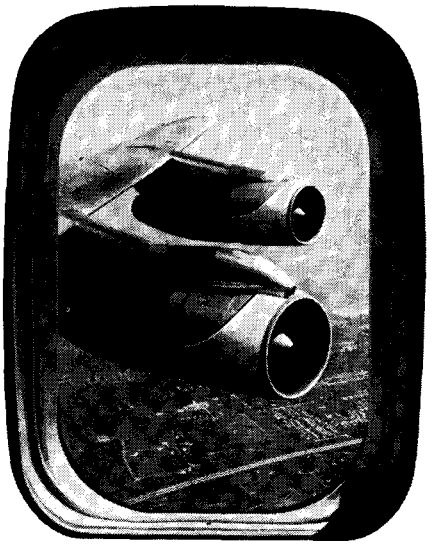

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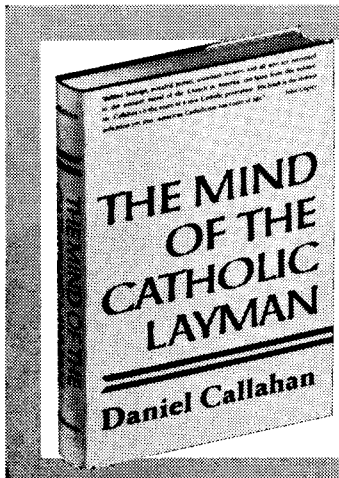

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I returned from this later summer's end to find the mail stacked twelve-weeks high. Having finally sorted it, I find myself in possession of one file folder in which there are twenty-two letters, all bludgeoning away at one or another of the poems published in *SR*, and all asking in what must have been meant as scorn: "Do you call *that* a poem?"

I could answer that I obviously do call it a poem, some sort of poem, or I should not have accepted it for publication. It is easier, of course, to toss the whole file into the wastebasket. And that, as a matter of fact, is just where it is going. Why should any man use up the hours of his life explaining to people what they have already shown themselves to be unwilling to understand?

For certainly they are categorizers all. They have locked onto the idea "poem" as an absolute category. They could no more set sensitively conceived limits to that category than could my prairie flower of twenty-two summers gone to her idea of "positive" and "negative." The categories so conceived are stony blanks. They leave about as much room for discussion as would a boulder rolling downhill.

Let it roll. But forgive me for stepping aside. Even a madman would stop shaking his dead geraniums long enough to get out of the way of that one.

And where *is* that wastebasket?

—JOHN CIARDI.

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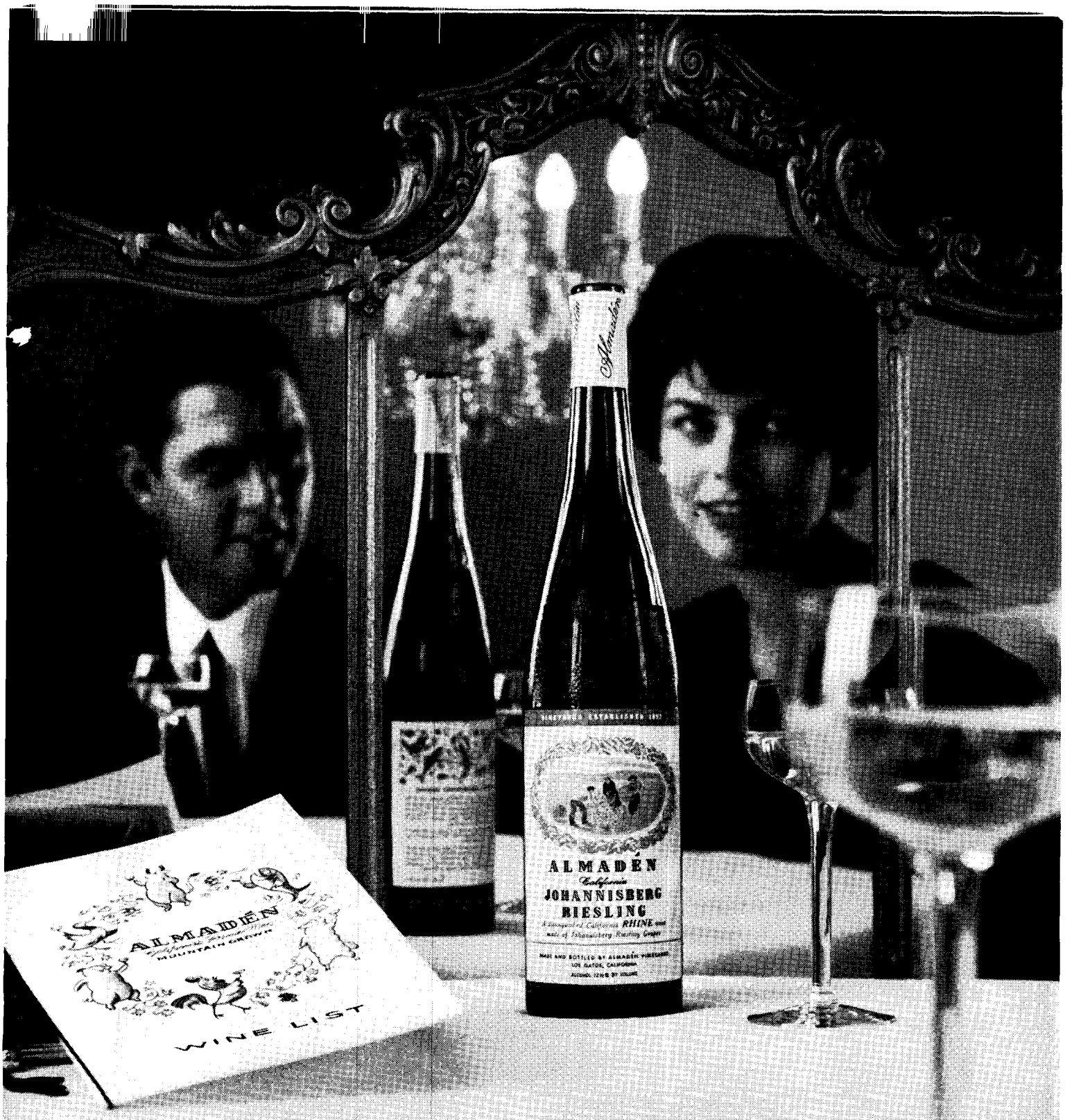

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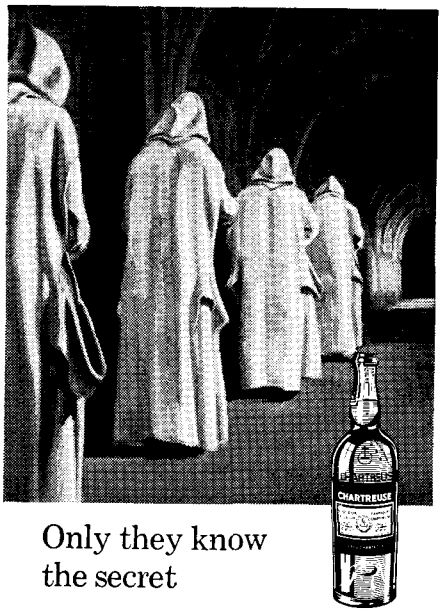

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SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW ANNUAL. Edited by June Oppen Degnan and others. New Directions-San Francisco Review. Paperback, $1.95.

Archeology, Anthropology

THE LAST OF THE FEW. By Kaare Rodahl, M.D. Harper & Row. $4.95.

TUTANKHAMEN. By Christiane Desroches Noblecourt. New York Graphic Society. $15.

Art

THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BYZANTINE AND MEDIEVAL ART. Edited by René Huyghe. Putnam. $14.95 to Jan. 1; $17.95 thereafter.

LETTERS OF THE GREAT ARTISTS. Edited by Richard Friedenthal. Random House. $12.95 to Dec. 31; $15 thereafter.

THE SEEKERS: Van Gogh, Cézanne, Gauguin. By Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson. Random House. $6.95.

SELF PORTRAITS. By Manuel Gasser. Appleton-Century. $12.95.

Current Affairs

CONTROL OF HIGHWAY ACCESS. By Ross Netherton. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $10.

JUSTICE IN RUSSIA: An Interpretation of Soviet Law. By Harold Joseph Berman. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.75.

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PROSPECTS FOR THE WEST. By J. William Fulbright. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.25.

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THE ANTHEM SPRINTERS AND OTHER ANTICS. By Ray Bradbury. Dial. $4.50.

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THE HORIZON BOOK OF THE AGE OF NAPOLEON. By J. Christopher Herold and the Editors of Horizon. Harper & Row. Regular edition: $15.95 to Dec. 31; $18.95 thereafter. Deluxe edition: $18.95 to Dec. 31; $21.95 thereafter.

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(Continued on page 22)

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THE TIMES
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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ANNOUNCES FIRST WORLD PUBLICATION THIS WEEK-END (ISSUE OF OCTOBER 25) OF

C. P. SNOW'S The Two Cultures: A Second Look

THE ART OF SCIENCE

The special number of THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT published on October 25 contains as well as C. P. Snow's 'The two cultures: A Second Look', a series of specially commissioned signed articles including:—

Professor H. C. Longuet-Higgins

Portrait of the Scientist as Artist—Which of the arts are congenial to scientific minds, and why? What sort of books? Has the scientific attitude an aesthetic counterpart?

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Dr. P. B. Medawar

Imagination and Hypothesis—is there a meeting ground for science and philosophy? Are scientists stimulated by irrational thought and writing? Does science conflict with humane values—moral, political and artistic?

Bruce Montgomery

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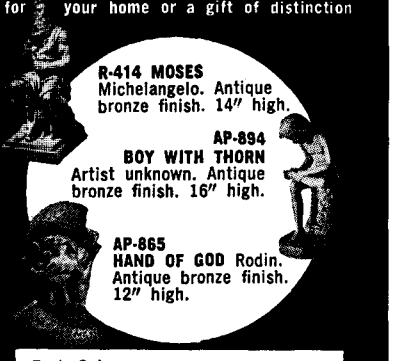

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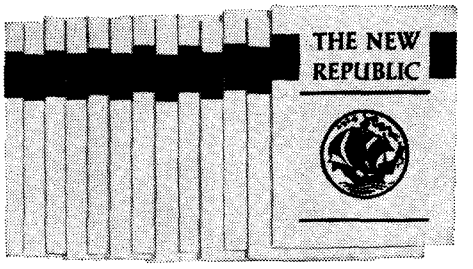

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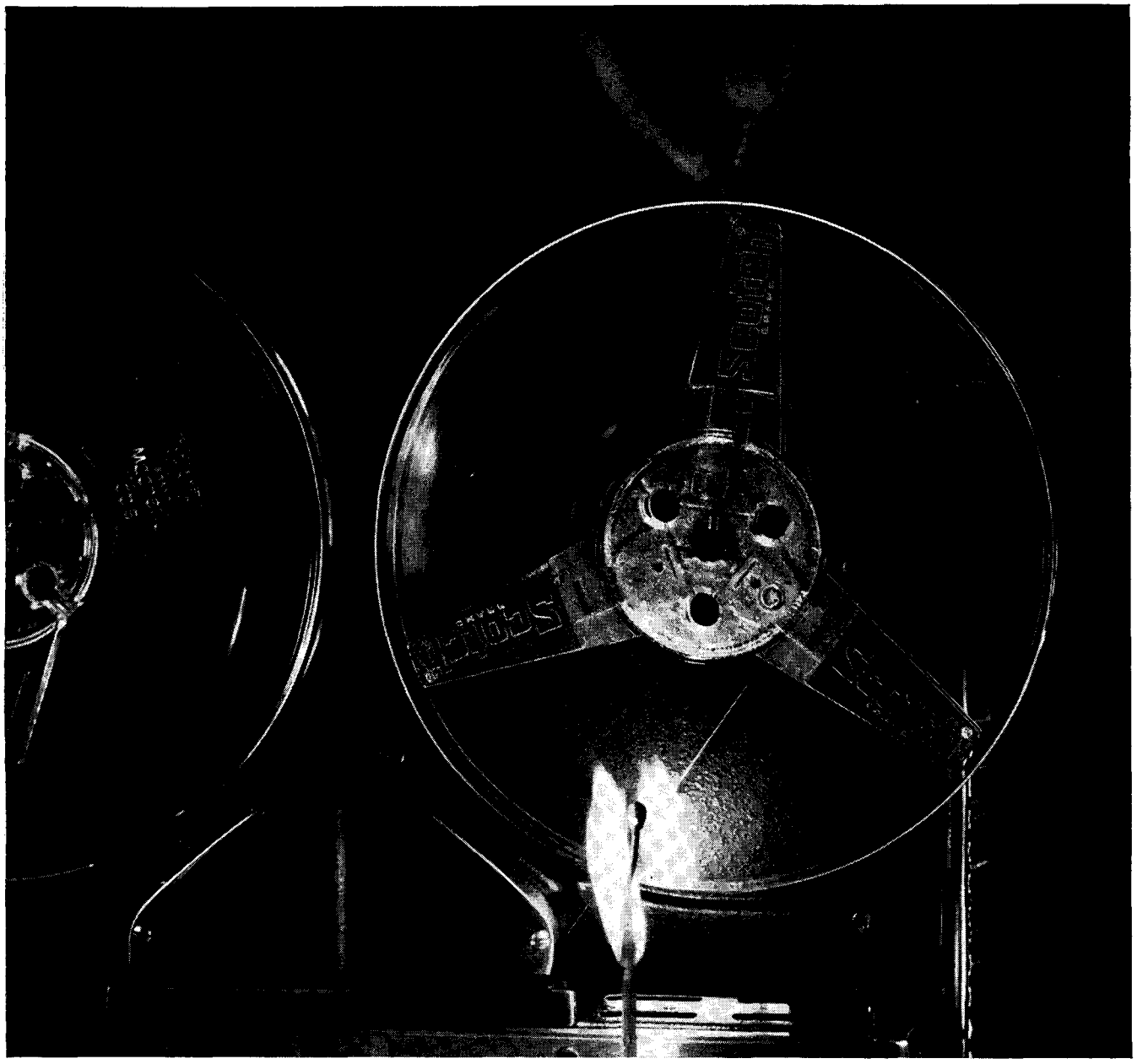

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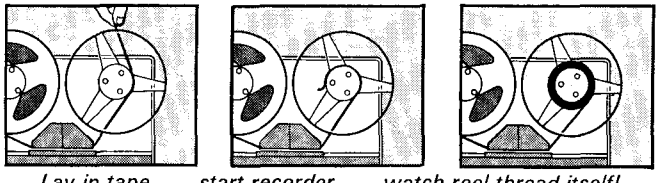

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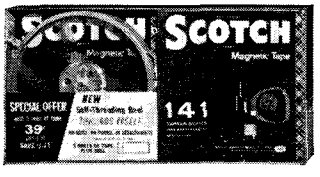

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Saturday Review
October 26, 1963

By JOSEPH P. LYFORD

PROPOSAL FOR A REVOLUTION

Part 2 — The First Order of Business

IN ADDITION to undermining a feudal social order, the nonviolent movement to desegregate the South has produced some problems for the civil rights movement elsewhere. Northern integration leaders, with a history of association with both the Negro and white communities, reacted defensively to the growth of a dramatic Southern movement based almost entirely on the Negro, especially when it seemed as if Martin Luther King and the other Southern militants might dominate the integration struggle and attract financial support that might otherwise go to the older civil rights groups in the North. Some Northern integration leaders for a while even attempted to discredit King's motives and belittle his efforts. However, the most enduring and unfortunate result of their defensiveness was an apparent decision that they had to compete with King by imitating him, by reconstructing the atmosphere of the Southern revolt in a Northern setting.

The effect of the Northern groups' resolution to be aggressively and spectacularly militant has been that in city after city, from Portland, Oregon, to Boston, civil rights campaigns have often tended to obscure or ignore the major problems of the Northern Negro and the causes of his special difficulties. Demonstrations seem to have been based mainly on the assumption that for every injustice there is a guilty party and that once the culprits are disposed of, the problem is solved. The assumption is far more realistic in Mississippi than it is in New York City, but it explains why civil rights groups have freely charged that the educational problems of the city's Negroes are mainly the result of a Board of Education that is deliberately segregating the school system along racial lines. Pinning the blame on someone for a situation may make it easier to organize a picket line and issue releases, but in many cases the operation has turned out to be a waste of time and energy that might have been spent on developing workable programs to get the urban Negro out of the slum, into a job, and onto a voting list.

Picketing, protest, and pressure are obviously necessary to the civil rights movement. Direct action should certainly not be de-emphasized, but it could be applied more selectively so that well-meaning people are not sent out to lie down on highways because a city's park department hasn't hired enough Negroes. In both South and North the demonstrations have, in somewhat different ways, spearheaded the drive for racial justice. Aimed at the construction unions, discriminatory landlords and employers, and ineffective public officials, direct action has cracked a number of Northern roadblocks to theoretical equality for the Negro. The fact remains that real equality depends on his achieving political and economic power. In the North the biggest and most intractable obstacle to gaining that power is no longer racial discrimination; it is a general crisis of unemployment and a breakdown of our system of public education. This fact explains why, unless conditions are changed, relatively few Negroes have benefited or will benefit in their lifetime from the civil rights victories that are being won. At present the Negro "revolution" is not a revolution

This is the final part of an article exploring the problems and prospects of the Negro in America. The author is an executive of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and former staff director for New York City's Public Education Association. He recently testified on the educational and employment problems of the Negro before a Senate Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower and is currently preparing a study of an area of Manhattan with a large Puerto Rican and Negro population. A companion article by Peter Putnam appears on page 29. Mr. Putnam, a member of the board of Recording for the Blind and a former faculty member at Princeton University, is the author of *Cast Off the Darkness* and *The Triumph of the Seeing Eye*.

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at all: it is a limited action carried on within the framework of a stagnating economic and political system that is incapable of letting the Negro live like a free man even when it finally recognizes his right to do so.

What is the Negro's situation today, twelve years after the Supreme Court's ruling on school desegregation? For one thing, he is steadily losing ground to the white man in terms of annual income. In 1950 the average Negro family income was $1,519 less than the white, while in 1961 the gap had increased to $2,662. More than 75 per cent of Negro families earn less than the $5,981 average annual income of whites, and 60 per cent of Negro families earn less than $4,000 per year. Employment prospects of Negroes are declining at an accelerating rate because of educational difficulties and the spread of automation. Factory and service jobs, the Negro's chief source of employment, are being automated out of existence at rates estimated to be anywhere from 17,000 to 40,000 a week. Despite token integration of the schools in the South and a slowly growing awareness of the Negro's educational needs in the North, the school system in which most Negro children are caught is just about as inadequate and black as it was before "separate but equal" schools were called unconstitutional. The probability is that the schools are even worse, because of the increasing shortage of classrooms and teachers, and the growth in school population.

A particularly disturbing development is the growth of an enormous colony of unemployed adolescents in our large cities. Thomas J. Watson, chairman of the board of International Business Machines, gives this thumbnail sketch of the problem:

> The United States today has 800,000 teen-agers out of school and out of work—a number approximately equal to the population of San Francisco. Many of these are Negroes, who, in addition to youth and lack of skill, have the further burden of racial discrimination to bear in their search for work—a burden which helps make their rate of joblessness double the national average.
>
> To continue this kind of discrimination is eventually to invite violence, such as we have witnessed in Birmingham and Nashville in recent weeks, and not only in the cities of the South, but in the slums of the North. And to continue to permit unemployment to grow among all teen-agers is to risk disillusionment at best and an explosion of violence at worst. If present trends continue, by 1970 the United States will have in its cities more than a million and a half young people untrained, unemployed, and frustrated to the point of danger. This fact constitutes an indictment of our society—we have somehow failed in our educational responsibilities.

There are other ominous facts. Unemployment, poor education, and hopelessness have seriously interfered with efforts to activate the Negro politically. The *Wall Street Journal* recently reported that Southern integration leaders feel that voter registration drives are having almost as much trouble with Negro apathy as they are with institutionalized white resistance. The problem is not confined to the South. A confidential study of Negroes in an Eastern state, made by John Kraft, Inc., one of the country's leading public opinion research organizations, has found that at least 30 per cent are not registered and that 50 per cent will probably not vote in the next national election. The finding is especially significant since half of the Negroes in the sample have incomes of more than $5,000, as compared to a national average for Negroes of $3,000. In New York City it is estimated that as many as half a million Negroes who are eligible to vote do not do so. The problem, of course, only begins with apathy. Even when the Negro does register and vote, South or North, he is forced to choose between two parties that have shown either a remarkable indifference to him or downright hostility.

IT would seem from all this that the Negro in the black Northern slum needs a new kind of leadership that will stand much closer to him than his traditional leadership has done, and broaden the attack on the immediate causes of his discontents and frustrations. He needs a leadership that will work out a national policy on education, a national policy for rehabilitating our economy, and a national political program to force changes in the structure and standards of both political parties. If the Negro is ever to live like a free man, it is time to turn the rebellion into a revolution and open up a second front in his war of independence.

The most likely place to broaden the attack is in education. What are some of the needs here? More and more emphasis should be placed on guidance in and out of school to create greater incentive and motivation among teenagers so that they would do more than simply inhabit schoolrooms until discharged. Guidance should also attempt to give the student a far better idea about the special paths open to him. More should be done to provide him with information about specific career opportunities and where and how he could obtain financial support for post-high school education and prepare himself for these careers.

Our emphasis on vocational training programs in the high schools themselves should not be increased; if anything, it should be de-emphasized in order to concentrate much more heavily on the general intellectual development of the child and on his reading, writing, and mathematical skills. The miserable failure of so many job-training programs out of school can be directly traced to the trainees' inability to read and write. Expansion of guidance work should supplement the general curriculum, and should give additional meaning and hope to the child whose economic background is such that he is constantly laboring against pressures to become a drop-out.

PERHAPS the greatest educational need is more intensive and specialized reading programs both in and out of schools. There are some developments taking place rather quietly in this area of education that may suggest new ways of helping the Negro child of the slums to help himself. The Northern Student Movement, originally organized at Yale, has put hundreds of college undergraduates into the slums of Detroit, Chicago, and New York, where they have set up reading centers for Negro children, during both the regular school year and the summer vacation. Last summer 200 of the students worked in Harlem. The Associated Community Teams, a federally sponsored Domestic Peace Corps group, is also giving Negro children extra educational training with success. A reading center for drop-outs established by the government's Mobilization for Youth on the Lower East Side of New York has enabled many teenagers to achieve the reading skills necessary to get a job. The New York City Board of Education has announced that it will establish 232 after-school reading centers to supplement the regular school programs of the slum areas.

The federal government ought to do far more to extend the educational life of the child in the school system. It could initiate a national program to encourage young people to prepare themselves after high school for elementary and secondary school teaching, nursing, social work, and government service, and for advanced training for science, law, medicine, and university teaching. The government is justified in making a serious financial investment in an educational program for these professions because it would not only open up employment opportunities to people who otherwise will end up looking for nonexistent factory or white-collar jobs, but it would also provide badly needed trained personnel. It should also be

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pointed out that a shortage of highly trained persons is one of the main obstructions to an increase in our economic growth. There is no reason why, through a system of free tuition and scholarships for teachers, nurses, and social workers, for instance, the government shouldn't emulate our largest corporations, most of which have their own job-training programs. Such programs would have the advantage that, unlike the advanced professions of law and medicine, the student would not necessarily need to take graduate work after college. If a training program were available to the Negro teen-agers in New York City, for example, and there were sufficient personnel who could maintain their interest in education, it would be possible to direct large numbers of them into "community service professions." In my interviews with Negro teen-agers, I have found that many of them are thinking of these professions as a preferred career, rather than employment in a factory, in business, or in trades. It might be pointed out that the period of post-high school training for the "community service" professions would be nowhere as long as the apprenticeship training periods in most trade unions.

A PROPOSAL for a new type of federally backed job training program, supported by an argument that might even interest Harry Byrd, has been advanced by James S. Coleman of Johns Hopkins. Pointing out that two-thirds of our trainees are preparing for blue-collar occupations where unemployment is getting worse all the time, he recommends the experimental high school for dropouts conducted by Encyclopedia Britannica in Chicago and suggests that the federal government invest in such "educational entrepreneurs" throughout the country. These entrepreneurs would "take the culls of the system and teach to get results (not, as in many high schools at present, merely to maintain discipline)." Mr. Coleman explains: "If paid according to results, with students tested by government examiners, I suspect that capitalist enterprise would produce some remarkable successes. The government, in turn, would not be spending its money unwisely, but would be investing in a profit-making enterprise, since every successful student would mean removing a person from a status of dependence on society, and allowing him to move into a high-demand sector of the economy, where he would pay back in taxes and in contributions to economic growth many times the money invested in him in his youth."

Without attending to education as the first order of business, it is useless to discuss anything else. On the assumption that we do attend to it, what are some of the other areas of necessary and unfinished business? There is the matter of conserving and expanding our natural resources before they are wasted away in the manner we are wasting human beings. The business at hand may return no financial profits to anybody in particular—if properly undertaken it may deprive some people of profits—but it advances the future economic welfare and productive capacity of this nation and means useful employment for hundreds of thousands of Americans. Reforestation, soil conservation, flood control, park and recreation area development, urban and rural redevelopment, creation of new water resources, the elimination of air, sea, and river pollution, the supervision of private operations in the public domain, and the improvement of agricultural techniques are all areas in which the public interest has had little voice and little effect. Much of the work could be done by people who have become superfluous in those urban areas where factory and service work is declining or disappearing. The establishment of small, racially integrated population centers to carry on this work could be, literally, a new frontier for volunteers who have been stranded in our congested cities without work and without decent housing. There is no reason why America cannot create its own version of the kibbutz, especially since our technology is making present population patterns obsolete.

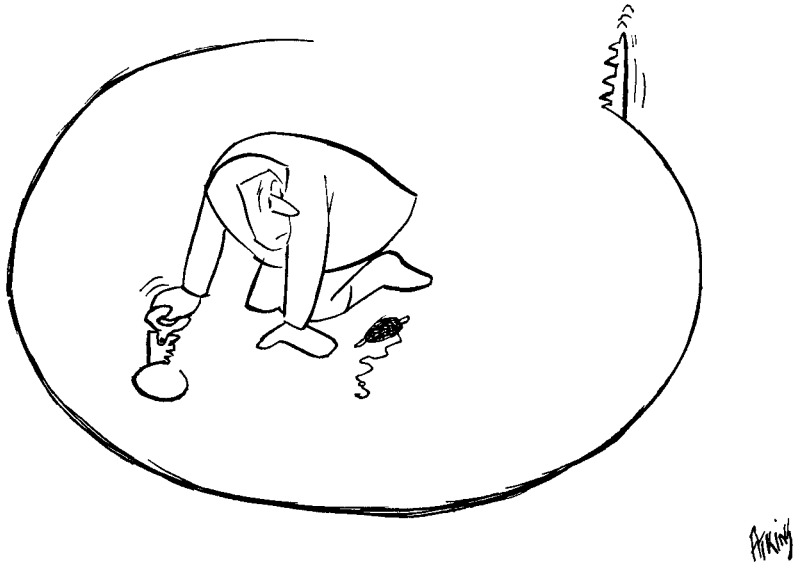
The "frontier" would also offer the Negro a chance to break out of the big city—Dr. Martin Luther King's "airtight cage of poverty"—and thereby take the first significant step in becoming integrated with the rest of America. Despite the commotion about integration outside the South, the low-income Negro's mobility in the city has been generally restricted to moving from one slum to another, or into a public housing project. The patterns of *de facto* segregation remain the same. Meanwhile, the concentrations of Negroes and other minority groups in the metropolitan centers intensify and the white populations diminish.

If meaningful integration does not proceed outside the great cities, the possibility exists that the large cities may take on the political coloration of the race as well as of an economic group. The prospect of political confrontations between black cities and white towns and suburbs is not promising for our country, especially when one considers the animosities that already exist between city and "up-State" even without the "poor versus rich" or "black versus white" identification.

OF course any government-sponsored proposals for a large program of work in the public interest will be described as socialistic and statist by a great majority of newspaper editors and the Congressmen who read their papers. What is proposed is aimed at preserving human and natural resources that are currently being destroyed and neglected, and unless we find constructive ways for people to support themselves, we can be sure that an increasing body of Americans, and their children after them, numbering in the millions, may very well become lifelong inhabitants of a "poorhouse state."

For those who wish to be briefed on the benefits a welfare-ridden society brings to our republic, Harry Caudill, an Eastern Kentucky lawyer, offers this description of what has taken place in his part of America:

> In most Kentucky Mountain counties the population is so impoverished that



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between one-third and two-thirds of the people are on the commodity dole and receive public assistance checks. Thus they are charges of the government and dependent upon the government for their daily bread.

In effect the federal government provides the money and the state and local officials deliver the benefits to the people. Local political machines of immense power and efficiency have been organized by and sustained by almost endless amounts of federal money. With the increase in automation and mechanization additional millions of Americans are likely to be reduced to these tragic circumstances. The question arises as to how well democracy can function when the democratic government becomes the custodian and guardian of a majority of the people in a region.

I think it is probably true, from what I heard in interviews in preparation of a study of a section of the West Side of Manhattan, that there has been a tendency to overestimate the extent to which racial discrimination has lessened the employment opportunities of the low-income Negro. His difficulties in getting work seem to result mainly from the fact that, because of a lack of education and of work skills, he is not able to find job opportunities. His educational disadvantages are multiplied by the fact that technology's impact upon factory and service work, where the majority of Negroes are employed, has been especially severe: the jobs themselves are disappearing. His situation deteriorates at a faster and faster rate as a result. This is not to say that discrimination has not played a great part in depriving him of employment. First, the educational disadvantages he suffers occurred largely because of racial discrimination. Second, there is little question that qualified low-income Negroes are often written off as prospective employees by major business institutions the minute they walk in the door; some New York banks are among the worst offenders. Third, the craft unions have in the past closed, and continue to close, their ranks to Negro apprentices for a variety of reasons, some of which have a racist smell about them. Fourth, the Negro who does present educational and professional qualifications for higher-paying jobs invariably finds it difficult to gain employment in financial institutions, publishing, and many other professional areas. His troubles are increased by the fact that a heavy majority of employment agencies throughout the country discriminate against him, according to a recent survey by the American Jewish Congress.

The fact remains that a large proportion of Negroes cannot get far enough in the hiring process to find out if discriminatory considerations are at work, simply because jobs are getting scarce. Stanley Sheinbaum, an economist on the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, writes: "As long as the general unemployment remains acute, all talk about the race issue is as if in a vacuum. Equality in employment will only be achieved in a full employment situation; we all know how discriminatory the labor unions are, the more so the higher the level of unemployment. Both the union members and their officials will protect their own first, and to hell with the race problem. Therefore, as long as unemployment remains high, the minorities are not going to be able to get a fair shake at jobs. The removal of unemployment is absolutely a necessary condition for the resolution of this aspect of the race issue."

SHEINBAUM is also critical of government inactivity. "There is no sign," he writes, "that either the administration or the Congress is interested in doing anything about the job problem. Only recently the Federal Reserve raised the discount rate to one-half per cent, which will further restrict monetary demand. Even if the President's tax proposal does pass, it is far from sufficient to affect the unemployment problem, which fact is a reflection of the administration's lack of interest in the problem. Certainly the Congress has manifested no concern to the extent of taking action." The same theme is voiced by Robert Theobald in *Free Men and Free Markets.*

Joel Seldin, labor specialist for the New York *Herald Tribune,* put it this way in a recent conversation: "You talk to people in vocational rehabilitation or training guidance and ask: Will these programs solve the problems of youth employment? And they say frankly no, they won't. Obviously the problem of youth employment is a segment of the over-all problem of employment in this country. Nobody really has come up yet with a brilliant answer to the problem of unemployment in this country. The best the President is proposing at the moment is a tax cut, which he says is going to stimulate the economy. Last year he tried to do it with allowances for new machinery, which were supposed to stimulate all kinds of things. There was no demonstrable effect. The people in the field tell you the problem is not going to be solved without some over-all approach to the total economic problem of the country. But even if we did come up with such a total solution to the economic problem of the country, you would still need a counseling and guidance and retraining program to make underprivileged kids in the city of New York employable. If employers were begging for help you would still have to produce kids who can read, you would still have to teach them something about work habits and how to apply for a job in order to get them employed."

Seldin's comment is characteristic of him. A labor reporter, he usually ends by talking about education.

Another important and neglected aspect of unemployment is the state of mind of the people undergoing the experience. It is extremely important to know something about this because, whether their ideas are right or wrong—and in many cases they are based on a lack of understanding—the views of the unemployed are going to have a determining effect on the political, social, and economic climate of this country if unemployment isn't checked. Herbert Harris, the labor historian, thinks that the unemployed may someday be the biggest voting bloc in the country and that they will include not just ex-factory hands but also most of the ex-white collar workers, whom he calls the "Casper Milquetoast isolates," I cannot report generally about the attitudes of the unemployed, but I have conducted many interviews with unemployed Negroes in my West Side study, and have consulted with investigators working in other parts of the city.

ONE thing that is significant is that the unemployed Negro is resistant to the idea that automation is a major cause of his difficulties. He feels that this is a "dodge" presented by those people in the white power structure of the country to cover up built-in, reflexive hiring practices based on racial bias. He acknowledges the fact that he is handicapped desperately through educational background in a quest for the secure and steady and better-paying jobs, but he doesn't think this explains his difficulties. He has experienced situations in which he has applied over and over for jobs which he knows he can perform—simple unskilled construction jobs, for instance—and has been told no job is available, only to discover that others who are white have been hired subsequently. His attitude toward unions has been increasingly unfriendly because their apprenticeship programs have been closed to him as a rule and because nondiscriminating unions show an indifference to him because of his low earning capacity. He has support for his suspicions even inside union officialdom: a recent publication of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, entitled *Labor Looks at Labor,* quotes United Auto Workers officials as saying that the low-salaried worker and the unemployed worker are neglected by the

(*Continued on page* 52)

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IF YOU HAD A CHOICE

By PETER PUTNAM

I WENT blind in the spring of my junior year at Princeton University in 1941. The blindness came on as suddenly and dramatically as the gunshot wound that caused it.

During the next six months I made considerable progress toward adjusting to blindness. In the fall, I had gone to Morristown to train with a Seeing Eye dog with which I planned to return to college. I had discussed the plan with the college authorities in letters and a personal interview before going to the Seeing Eye organization. Therefore, when I reported to the dean one morning in January, I believed, or had hypnotized myself into believing, that re-enrollment was merely a formality.

I was taken aback when the dean informed me that the committee on admissions had given my application the most serious consideration and had concluded that my return to Princeton at this time would be premature. It recommended that I spend from six months to two years at a school for the blind, learning the various techniques of blindness. Afterwards, if I still felt that I wished to continue my college education, I could make a second application at that time. But I cannot give an objective account of the dean's courteous, even courtly speech, because its impact was like a slap in the face.

I had been born into the privileged part of the most privileged country in the world. I had always had every advantage that any reasonable person could expect. Now, it seemed to me, I was being told that all that was changed. My blindness had moved me from the in-group to the out-group. Way out. No more Ivy League for you, boy! Blind men don't go to Princeton. This college is segregated.

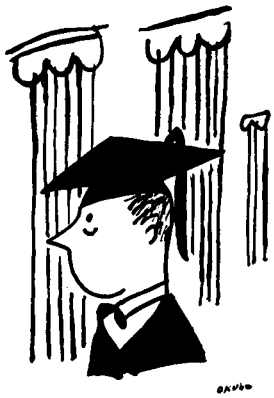
It was at this point that I, excluded from the privileged seeing world because I was blind, began to feel a sense of kinship with the Negro, excluded from the privileged white world because he is black.

The committee recommended that I go to school for the blind to learn the techniques of blindness. What techniques of blindness? My Seeing Eye dog was with me. I could type by the touch system. Through home study, I had learned to read and write Braille—very slowly and painfully, to be sure, but very few of the books assigned in my courses would be available in Braille anyhow. I had already arranged to hire students to read the assignments aloud to me. Even without sight, I had independence of movement. I could read. I could write. I could talk, listen, and think. What techniques was the committee talking about? Making brooms? Weaving baskets?

The first reaction to any outside stimulus is seldom, if ever, rational. The first reaction to the idea of blindness is likely to be as irrational and as instinctive as to a Rorschach ink blot. Even after twenty years, the word "blindness" first conjures up a picture of an unshaven beggar with a tin cup. It is just this fact that explains the violence of my rejection of the idea of blind school. I refused to identify myself with so depressing a picture.

On the other hand, I strongly suspect that a similar picture furnished a negative emotional base from which the committee first began to think rationally. Of course, they might argue, there have been some extraordinary blind men in history. Homer. Milton. But they were giants, and even they must have needed time to adjust to their terrible affliction. Helen Keller required the constant companionship and teaching genius of Annie Sullivan to unlock the door to her mind. It was impossible for a boy to go totally blind in May and return to Princeton in January. Blindness just can't be that easy.

Is that how the committee reasoned? I do not know. But I am persuaded that the word "blindness," like the word "Negro," is freighted with so many emotional connotations and associations, with so much romantic and morbid nonsense, that it is difficult to think straight about it.



By not thinking straight, we may decide that blind people or Negroes do not know their own best interests, that they would not be happy in integrated schools, that they could not stand the strain of competition, that their education would progress more smoothly and happily with those of their own kind and with curricula designed to meet their special needs.

This would seem to be a reasonable and benevolent argument for segregated education among blind or Negro students, but it overlooks one thing: the right of the individual to be an individual. At Princeton, it was not difficult to persuade the committee to grant me that right, but during those first sickening moments when I saw an individuality threatened by a stereotype, I had an insight into the impact of segregation on the Negro.

A few weeks later, I encountered segregation in another area. I had invited a girl down from Vassar, and after meeting her train, I took her to an inn for dinner. The head waiter stopped me at the door. "You'll have to check the dog, sir. No dogs allowed in the dining room."

One does not check Seeing Eye dogs, especially not very new ones. The constant companionship of dog and master is essential to their effective functioning as a team. I tried to explain, but it was no use. "Sorry, sir. No dogs allowed." That dining room was segregated.

Later, I managed to integrate it without resorting to a sit-in, but many times over the past twenty years, I have experienced segregation in dining rooms, theatres, buses, and even a cathedral. Although dog guides are seldom banned from buses, one driver on my route was apparently afraid of dogs and would drive past, pretending he had not seen me at the bus stop. I have known taxi drivers to do the same. The strategy of certain headwaiters is infuriating.

"Sorry, sir. No dogs allowed in the dining room."

"May I speak to the manager?"

"Sorry, sir. He's not in."

"May I speak to the assistant manager."

"Sorry, sir. He's out, too."

In several of the best-known restau-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Saturday Review

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Raphael and the Spear

AN UNUSUAL and most promising meeting of the arts, industry, and government took place at the White House a few days ago when President Kennedy was host at a luncheon for business leaders interested in the vast National Cultural Center to be erected in Washington.

This was no ordinary occasion, even though the modern Medici of American business are by no means strangers to endowment of the arts today. For fifty of the top figures in U.S. industry, business, and finance assembled from all over the country to consider with the President their role and responsibility in the development of a great center for the performing arts on the banks of the Potomac.

The President took his guests on a trip in time back to the Renaissance. He told them of his experience earlier this year in a historic mansion maintained by the Italian government in Rome for official hospitality to distinguished visitors. The ceiling of the great dining hall in the residence had been painted by Raphael. The President reported how he had studied that noble ceiling and reflected that Raphael's great art was still serving the Italian nation and people 500 years later. The arts, he stressed, are in effect the point of the spear in a nation's thrust toward greatness.

Urging strong support for the national capital's projected cultural center as a force that will serve all the people of the United States, President Kennedy pointed out: "The nations of the world, both in and out of the Iron Curtain countries, have their great and beautiful centers for the performing arts, but here in the world's greatest capital we have nothing, and this represents a great cultural gap in our American growth."

This gap is a paradox at a time of enormous vigor and explosive change on the American cultural scene. The speed and scope of the American people's growing commitment to the arts are impressive:

1. Eighty-three non-commercial television stations are now fully operational in the United States, seventy-seven of them affiliated with the National Educational Television network. These stations have a potential audience of 80,000,000. Earlier this month the Ford Foundation gave NET a new grant of $6 million to promote excellence in programming, with emphasis on information and public affairs.

2. We possess more than half of the 2,000 symphony orchestras in the world. More than 32,000,000 Americans now play musical instruments. Twice as many people attend concerts and recitals as attend baseball games.

3. There are, across the country, some 5,000 community theatres, 700 operatic companies, and 100,000 play-producing groups. There are more than 500,000 amateur actors, 52,000,000 amateur photographers (plus 100,000 professional photographers), and 10,000,000 amateur painters. There are more piano players than licensed fishermen, more painters than hunters. Skiers, golfers, boaters, and skin divers combined are fewer than the number of theatregoers.

4. U.S. purchasers of tickets, objects, and tools in the arts have more than doubled since 1953—twice the growth rate in any other recreational spending and six times the growth rate in spectator sports.

5. At present, cultural centers of varying sizes are being planned in seventy cities in thirty-five states, and roughly 100 other localities are studying such projects. Pace-setters are the huge $160 million Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City and the massive center under construction in Los Angeles.

It is against this background that President Kennedy, like General Eisenhower, in whose Administration the Center was initiated, has devoted so much energy to the fulfilment of the National Cultural Center program.

The projected Center will not only offer the nation a proper setting for great performances, but will also act as a seedbed and creative stimulant for the performing arts throughout the country. Even in its embryonic stage, the Center has already joined with the Metropolitan Opera and New York City's Lincoln Center to form a national opera company to tour the country where little or no opera is now available and to provide an opportunity for young talent to be trained and heard.

This is the shape and size of the challenge that the President presented the nation's business leaders in the White House. They were asked by spokesmen for the Center to help raise $6,000,000. An equivalent sum has already been granted by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations. Voluntary contributions must also come from thousands of individual Americans to build the Center, at a total cost of some $30,000,000 beyond the federal government's contribution of the site and accessory facilities.

While it is true that important areas of our cultural life are today in economic difficulties (see page 49) for lack of public support, it can be hoped that the National Cultural Center will help inspire us to an even more informed and dedicated effort to insure the vitality of the nation's artistic life.

That was finally what the luncheon in the White House was about. "The idea of putting our national cultural assets to work for our country," as an observer said, "is a serious matter and one deserving of the dedicated work and best efforts of business leaders." It is also up to government and all the people. In this way the "point of the spear" of civilized progress in this country can be kept keen and strong.

—W.D.P.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POT SHOTS AND A POSY

SOMEHOW I FEEL SURE that John Ciardi is a devoted husband and father, probably a loyal friend, and possibly a delightful companion, but I agree with your reader who said Mr. Ciardi sets her teeth on edge. Even when I agree with what he says, the tone of his writing grates. To see the long article about his first seven years with *SR* ["Dialogue with an Audience," Sept. 14] was dismaying; to me his writing in *SR* has struck a sour note for seven years. Like another of your readers, Adella P. Shea, I now simply skip anything Mr. Ciardi writes.

But I wouldn't dream of giving up my subscription to *SR* because of Mr. Ciardi; I was a subscriber long before he joined the *SR* family of editors and readers, and I bet I'll outlast him.

K. L. CROMWELL.
Syracuse, N.Y.

IN LETTERS TO THE EDITOR for October 5 appeared two letters under the heading "The Dialogue Continued." They expressed my sentiments exactly. If you don't remove John Ciardi's rubbish, you can count on my subscription not being renewed. I have been disgusted with his hogwash for a long time.

JULIUS H. BURK.
Elkhart, Ind.

PLEASE—less of John Ciardi. We can skip his weekly column easily enough, but when a lead article, such as his egotistical remarks on what he considers poetry, is added, I feel the space is wasted.

MARION HORTON.
Pomona, Calif.

IF SHELLEY, Keats, Shakespeare, or Emily Dickinson had submitted a poem to John Ciardi, I wonder if he would have published it.

I don't know, but I am quite sure the works of these writers will give pleasure to us long after John Ciardi's clientele has ceased to exist. I doubt if his selections currently appearing in *SR* will endure even twenty-five years from now.

ALICE GOOD FARNSWORTH.
North San Juan, Calif.

I DO NOT SHARE Adella P. Shea's irritation with John Ciardi's "Olympian dicta and egocentric manner." I don't know what she's talking about. But love is blind, and I love MANNER OF SPEAKING.

LOIS M. LEARY.
East New Market, Md.

. . . BY ANY OTHER NAME

ALL OF US AT THE University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee were delighted with John Ciardi's report on the university's Summer Arts Festival [*SR*, Oct. 5]. We of the Fine Arts Quartet were especially pleased at the mention of our work in the Festival.

We do want to point out, however, that we are called the Fine Arts Quartet, and not the New York String Quartet, as the article has it. . . .

ABRAM LOFT,
The Fine Arts Quartet.
Milwaukee, Wis.

"I wish to report a *coup d'etat*."

EXTRA POINTS

N.C.'s EDITORIAL on college football [*SR*, Sept. 28] is perceptive, timely, and accurate. It is without question the soundest analysis of the college football problem I have read; the proposal that the colleges openly hire a good football team makes a great deal of sense. The National Collegiate Athletic Association today is a big money-making organization because of its exclusive television control over the football games of its member colleges.

Further, the colleges today furnish without recompense trained football players for the professional game. In truth, the colleges today are the farm system for professional football. N.C.'s idea is sound and practical, and would produce substantial income that the colleges will need in future years.

J. LOWELL PRATT.
New York, N.Y.

THE EDITORIAL on football seems to me a proper approach to the greatest non-educational problem facing higher education.

It would not eliminate all problems, but it promises to relieve the educational program of a problem that is irritating, unsound, unethical, and primarily non-educational. It is public relations, public entertainment, and money-getting and should be so recognized and not defended for its "educational values."

A. R. MEADE,
Emeritus Professor of Education,
University of Florida.
Gainesville, Fla.

PRINCE OR PRETENDER?

WITH EQUAL STUFFINESS, leavened with just a dash of the smug, I remind Professor J. C. Gray [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Oct. 5] that despite his undoubted lapidary evidence of Spenser's having been called "the Prince of Poets," it was probably Byron's irreverent but most quotable application of this term to Milton that was in the mind of your reviewer. You may recall it, in *Don Juan* (xci):

> Milton's the prince of poets, so we say;
> A little heavy, but no less divine.

GORDAN DUSANT,
Kutztown State College.
Kutztown, Pa.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Twice Over Lightly

PETER SHAFFER'S matched pair of comedies, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye,* is entertaining and delightful. They are also somewhat slight, frivolous, and contrived. But there is a place in the theatre for such capricious imagination, particularly when it belongs to a playwright who knows his depth and who not only constructs well but also offers actors and directors blank spaces to fill in with their own inventiveness.

The first piece, *The Private Ear,* is a concerto of awkwardnesses built around the frustration of Tchaik, a shy, sensitive young man who has for the first time got up nerve enough to invite a girl to his flat for supper and classical music on his stereo. The girl, Doreen, whom he imagines to be beautiful, is in reality only pretty and quite common. Because she is incapable of appreciating the finer things, every attempt at conversation fizzles. Indeed, the play would not go on for long if it weren't for its third character, Ted, whom Tchaik has brought home from his office to help with the supper. Ted is a conceited smoothie, the stereotype of what his successful quest of "birds" has made him. He knows how to be just naughty enough to keep his quarry excited, without ever rupturing lower-class notions of surface propriety.

Tchaik, as played by Brian Bedford, is at his most amusing when he is preparing for his date by applying roll-on deodorant for the first time, and most poignant at the masochistic end of the play when he seems to arrive at a bitter recognition of his mistakes. As Doreen, Geraldine McEwan looks and acts as if she had been drawn by Whitney Darrow, Jr., and gets some understanding laughter from the audience for her strained attempt to look interested as the enthusiastic Tchaik explains the libretto of a Benjamin Britten opera to her. And Barry Foster is visceral and saucy as the predatory friend with cheap savoir-faire. Director Peter Wood's expert staging includes an effective excursion into the artificiality of presenting the inane supper conversation on a gradually speeded-up tape recording while we watch Tchaik's pained face spotlighted in the dark. The only reservation one has about the performance is that it sometimes seems a bit too consciously overstated.

The second and more interesting of the two plays, *The Public Eye,* creates one of the most colorful eccentric characters in the modern theatre. Private detective Julian Cristoforou is a "wog" (disrespectful British slang for an untutored Near Eastern native) who dresses outrageously in a broad-striped suit and white shoes, and who is a compulsive eater of nuts, sweets, fruits, and yogurt, all of which he carries around with him. Behind this ludicrous façade, however, lies a superior intuition, a scornful and delicious wittiness, and a completely un-British adventurousness. To get the full advantage of this character, Mr. Shaffer has placed him in the formidably correct office of a middle-aged certified public accountant named Charles Sidley, who, it turns out, has hired Mr. Cristoforou to spy on his young wife. The clash between these two violently contrasting personalities is hilarious, as Mr. Cristoforou easily confounds his arrogant opponent in every encounter. Then, somewhere around the middle of the play, Mr. Shaffer turns serious, introducing the thesis that Charles is really a very sad individual who needs only to get rid of his stuffiness to become a satisfactory husband. The new relationship that he suggests is one of a continuing daily interchange in which each will teach the other the virtues of their widely differing tastes, thus preserving the sense of playfulness that usually disappears after the first year of marriage. Ironically, Mr. Cristoforou has discovered Mrs. Sidley's capacity for such a relationship by enjoying it himself in three glorious weeks of silent adventure

paid for by her husband. But this seriousness is allowed to take over only long enough to make the play convincing, and we soon return to the antics of Mr. Cristoforou, who at the play's end is eating a grapefruit as he audaciously carries on a telephone conversation with a new client who imagines him to be an expert in tax-avoidance. Perhaps the nicest moment of the evening comes in this conversation when the client suddenly hears the squish of grapefruit and is startled. "Something this end," explains Mr. Cristoforou merrily, as he continues his marvelously unorthodox approach to working in a world that takes itself too seriously.

While Mr. Foster has not yet fully achieved the full impertinence of Mr. Cristoforou, he is reasonably effective in the role. As Mrs. Sidley, Miss McEwan seems to say each line as if she were sitting in a luxurious warm bath, with the result that she seems more selfish and spoiled than venturesome and alert. And Moray Watson's dry Charles is a somewhat thin comic portrait. Nevertheless, the play is great fun and Mr. Shaffer's skilful three-finger exercises are a delicious, non-fattening theatrical confection.

IN his satirical comedy, *Semi-Detached,* playwright David Turner has synthesized a British insurance salesman named Fred Midway, who turns every immoral event in his family into some material advantage. The implication is that his nefarious tactics are the logical product of a society built on the ideal of self-improvement and success. This point is deftly stated when, in a moment of uncharacteristic despondency, Fred laments his brain's refusal to fight through to a solution of his latest dilemma. "It's with the brain," he says. "That's how you trample down the rest. That's the weapon with which we climb. How have we arrived here in our semi-detached? What friends have put us here? What capital? What inheritance? Only the brain. And now it wants to retire, unpensioned, uninsured. It mustn't forsake me, not yet, because you're either climbing up or hanging on. We'll hang on when the time comes . . . but a little higher up, if you don't mind . . . a little higher up!

Unfortunately, for the rest of the evening Fred is so gleefully going about the exercise of thinking up and carrying out his selfish little strategies that we see him merely as a glib-talking con man, who is happy only when he is cashing in on the low motives of others. And the playwright has surrounded him with weak characters who give in so easily that it often becomes a boringly one-sided contest.

The cast here is the same one that performed the play at its Coventry unveiling last year, and not the one headed by Sir Laurence Olivier that appeared in it for several months last season in London. As Fred Midway, Leonard Rossiter carries on like a souped-up grasshopper, and some of the others in the cast seem to be attempting a similar cartoon-thin, exaggerated style. It is a bravely sustained effort, and the situation on which the play is based is true and fascinating. Yet it exasperates us that everyone is working so hard to dredge up such nominal and repetitious results.

—HENRY HEWES.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Heirs to the Family Misfortune

IN THE introduction to his collection of essays, *A Radical's America*, Harvey Swados says, "I am a socialist." He goes on to point out that he does not accept what Moscow or Peking or Havana calls socialism, and that the socialism he does accept is in a sound American tradition:

> The rulers of America too [*i.e*, like Khrushchev] have arrogated unto themselves the right not simply to lead but to "settle matters" by imposing upon us a bipartisan foreign policy, a bipartisan popular culture, a bipartisan information-propaganda grid, a bipartisan self-congratulation, a bipartisan cant. This is not the America of Thoreau, of Emerson, of Emily Dickinson, any more than it is the America of Golden Rule Jones, of John P. Altgeld, of Jane Addams; and I hereby reassert that those of us who persist in saying No to a society built on worship of the buck for the things and people it can buy, those of us who persist in dreaming of a society built on mutual aid and mutual respect, have just as much right to consider ourselves as representative of an essential corpuscular element in the American bloodstream as do the Luces, the Nixons, the Kennedys, and all those who, in appropriating for themselves even the rhetoric of our common dream, have turned it into a nightmare.

This is the spirit in which Swados's fiction is written. Except perhaps for one or two of the stories in *On the Line*, his book about factory workers, he does not make propaganda for a cause, but he does write in an intensely critical spirit about contemporary American society. So, to be sure, do many—perhaps most—other novelists; but as a rule they write out of despair, whereas Swados has hope. As *False Coin* (*SR*, Jan. 9, 1960) showed, he knows how difficult the realization of his dream is, but his belief nevertheless gives his work a special quality.

The Will (World, $4.95) is about, among other things, money. In the background we have two brothers, Max and Leo Land, who came from Rumania in 1911, worked hard, studied pharmacy, and set up a drugstore. Max became obsessed with the accumulation of things, the useless as well as the valuable; whereas Leo was a dreamer, a gentle man, an inventor of sorts, eager to help his fellow man. Unlike Max, Leo married, and his unhappy wife bore him two sons, Mel and Ralph, and then, ten years later, a third, Ray. When the story begins, Leo has just died, only a few days after his brother. Max had left to Leo all his possessions, which appear to be more valuable than anyone had supposed. Whether or not Leo had made a will is not immediately known.

We learn about the older Lands from Solomon Stark, a wise doctor and the only friend Leo ever had. From him we gather that the sons have all reacted in their various ways to their early environment, to their uncle's eccentricity and domineering nature, to their father's ineffectualness, and to their mother's miseries.

Ralph, whom we see first when Dr. Stark meets him at the airport on his arrival for his father's funeral, has simply fled and, especially since his mother's death, has had little contact with the family. He has always believed that he could get ahead in the world, and though at thirty he has had no great success, he still believes it. "There's one thing I do believe with all my heart," he tells Dr. Stark. "That is that I have the ability to control my future by planning it. And that I can take advantage of opportunities in order to achieve a decent life style." He sees in his uncle's money his great chance to get what he wants.

Ray we encounter in his uncle's ramshackle mansion, filled with junk, where he has been living in the attic, his presence unknown to all but a few. He cultivates both body and mind, and, as a ham radio operator, has contacts with the world of the uninvolving sort he can accept. He sees his withdrawal as only temporary: "I'm in training," he says, "like a fighter. I know you're going to ask again, for what? I can only say, for a purpose that hasn't been revealed to me yet. But it will be for life and not for destruction." For the time being, however, his object is to protect himself from temptation, to do no harm until he has found a way of doing good.

Mel does not appear until well on in the book, but we know enough about him. He was the rebel of the family, the outlaw, a juvenile delinquent who ran away from home and has always been in trouble. He is believed to be currently serving a prison sentence. Ralph, who as a boy idolized him, now hates him and is determined that he shall have none of the inheritance.

The novel moves on through a series

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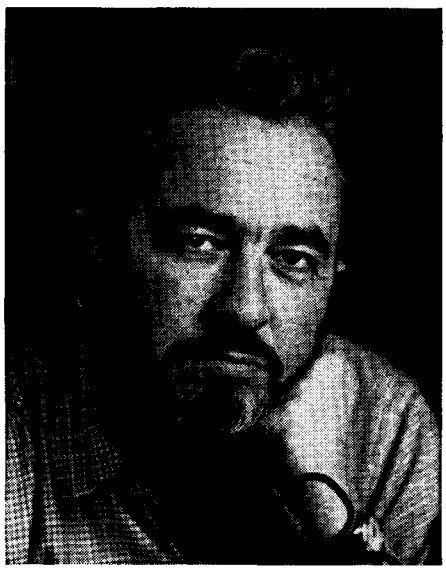
of complications. Ralph marries a girl with whom he has been having an affair and brings her to the old house. It is she who happens upon Leo's will, which makes matters more difficult by leaving all the property to Ray, with the proviso that he is to deal justly with his brothers. Ralph more and more ruthlessly exerts pressure on Ray, but to no effect. When Mel turns up, as of course the reader knows he will, he and Ralph battle almost to the death. One reversal follows another, with Dr. Stark and his lawyer-son Martin playing important parts, until a conclusion is reached that seems wholly suitable.

The basic theme—heirs struggling over an inheritance—is not unfamiliar, but Swados has given it freshness by making each of the brothers representative of a particular style of life. Ralph accepts the contemporary ideal of getting ahead, though he pretends to be superior to it. Ray has withdrawn while trying to discover a better way of living. Mel has rebelled. Each of them is affected by the thought of the inheritance—Ralph because he sees it as a means to his chosen end, Ray because he hopes to do good with it, Mel because he proposes to use it for purposes of revenge. Each of them changes in the course of the struggle, and each of them makes startling self-discoveries, for this is no simplified application of the theory of economic determinism but a subtle study of ways of human behavior. It goes deep into the attitudes and actions of modern man, and its criticism of contemporary society is implicit rather than direct.

Swados has his limitations as a writer of fiction: he cannot present a character in a sentence or two as Flannery O'Connor and Bernard Malamud can; he doesn't have John Updike's dazzling gift of language; he is not so inventive as Saul Bellow. But he has his own gifts and his individual point of view, and these make him an interesting and important writer. —GRANVILLE HICKS.



—*Bernard Gotfryd.*

Harvey Swados—his own gifts and an individual point of view.

Rebel with a Craft: Armed with a wife, three children, and a prophetical beard, Harvey Swados continues to be a committed and outspoken critic of American life and values, while at the same time considering himself primarily a novelist. Yet he is aware, as James Baldwin must also be, that it is his work as a journalist-essayist-polemicist which has, to date, made his reputation.

Though Swados has edited a volume entitled *Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers*, he denied, in a recent conversation, that he saw himself in that extreme tradition. "By and large, they wrote terribly." Swados's main concern is with his fiction, and he labors hard and deliberately at his chosen craft. "I work like a banker. Five hours a day." (This use of a financial image might distress his many left-wing admirers.)

Swados once explained himself in terms of four crucial actualities that helped form his identity. Much like the puzzle we played as children, connecting numbered dots until we got an outline, these four facets help us to define and understand the work of a talented, versatile writer. First of all: "I am a novelist." And as one Swados hasn't been afraid to take chances, exploring the life of the American factory worker as well as that of the creative artist.

Secondly: "I am a middle-class man of the mid-century, born and brought up in a middle-sized American city. . . ." (Buffalo, N.Y.). He is, as he clearly understands, very much middle-class "in temper and outlook." And he freely admits that certain areas of American life are foreign to him (the rich, migrant workers, café society).

Swados's third point of reference is the fact that he is a Jew, although he contends that this aspect in contemporary American literary life has been overplayed. What is important to him is the realization of the American Jew's march from a marginal position in society towards its center.

Finally, he describes himself as a socialist (and note the small letter "s"). Recent events have strengthened this faith. "If anyone is leading us to socialism it's the Negro. The young among them are being driven to an understanding of socialism by the economic logic of their situation."

The first impression one gets of Harvey Swados is of a man of tremendous energy and enthusiasm. As a part-time teacher (at Sarah Lawrence College), he feels that this is an exciting and fortunate time for his students. As a writer, he has firm opinions on the state of current literature. He criticizes John Updike, for example, for being too facile, too much in love with his own language. "He doesn't scratch and grunt and dig and bleed."

Ahead of him is an ambitious project, a large, panoramic novel about American life. It should be evident that, in writing this work, Harvey Swados the novelist might very well become exceedingly grateful to Harvey Swados the crusading journalist. After all, as Swados himself once put it in discussing the problems of writing in the 1950s, he feels torn between "playing the oracle . . . and playing the traditional game of telling private stories about private people. Both, however, are equally important to me, and I continue to hope that, at my best, one will imply the other." —CHARLES SHAPIRO.

The Child's Morning

By Winfield Townley Scott

GANGWAY for violets,
Old snow in the corner.
Sun after a rise of rain
Over cuttlebone cloud.
Sun in the brook running
Green with watercress.
Sun on the spade—
We shovel out crocuses.
Up the concrete walk
Under surf of rollerskates
The hail of jacks,
Kiss-click of aggies.
We summon with jumpropes
Sap in the trees,
With bat-knock of ball
And the thudding glove.
That clang of schoolbells
We answer with answers:
Tall immaculate silence
Of colored kites.

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Sitting Down, a Stand for Right

A Matter of Life, edited by Clara Urquhart (Little, Brown. 256 pp. $5), contains the views of twenty-three leading world citizens on the ethics of civil disobedience. Historian C. Northcote Parkinson wrote "The Evolution of Political Thought."

By C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

CLARA URQUHART, editor of this symposium, has evidently written to a number of people, asking them the question "Is civil disobedience ethical?" and urging them to justify their conclusion in an essay of indefinite length. Twenty-three of them complied in sufficient detail, and the result is a volume of 256 pages, of which the editor has written four. Among the contributors are some well-known authors, more especially those known to have views on this subject: Bertrand Russell, Albert Schweitzer, Sir Herbert Read, and Salvador de Madariaga. Included also are some statesmen: Ben-Gurion and Lazaro Cardenas, with the Mayor of Hiroshima and Mr. Odd Nansen. Journalism is well represented by Norman Cousins, and literature by Robert Bolt. We have altogether a diversity of opinion, and many of the views expressed deserve careful consideration.

Missing from the discussion, unfortunately, is Mahatma Gandhi, once our chief exponent of passive resistance. His successor in office, the conqueror of Goa, has less to say about it:

> . . . normally one should obey the laws but when something happens which is objected to on ethical grounds which are valid, then the individual must judge which is better, to obey or to disobey.

More interesting than Jawaharlal Nehru is Kenneth Kaunda, who describes the success of nonviolence in Northern Rhodesia. He emphasizes, however, that nothing can be achieved where self-immolation is denied publicity. In fact, against any but a most enlightened government the method is doomed to failure. Yet in Britain civil disobedience can be effective, as Bertrand Russell makes clear:

> It seems not unlikely that, in the end, an irresistible popular movement of protest will compel governments to allow their subjects to continue to exist. . . . We are convinced that this object cannot be achieved by law-abiding methods alone.

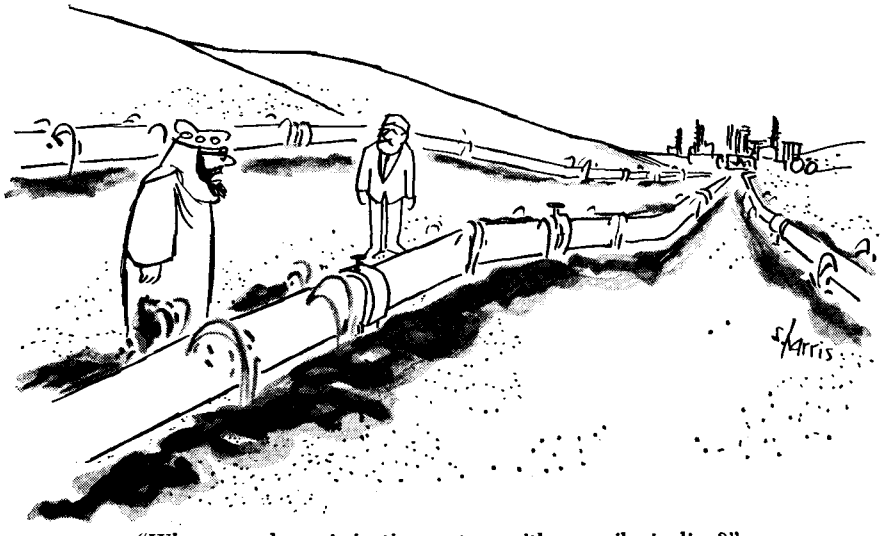
Russell's experience is of ban-the-Bomb demonstrations in Britain, and other contributors are almost equally concerned about war. Odd Nansen points out "the stinging and inevitable truth that we learnt nothing" from past conflicts. Others insist that something must be done. In the words of Salvatore Quasimodo, "Indifference and apathy have only one name—betrayal." A few go further and suggest an actual program. Schweitzer thinks we should "return to the ideal of ethical culture" as defined by Hegel. Michael Scott wants to "replace these old and tired men," and Hans Thirring demands an "education for peace." Norman Cousins wants the United Nations to call a Revision Conference under articles 108 and 109 of the Charter. The result, he anticipates, would be the setting up of a new Executive Council, enforcing the policy of the General Assembly and upholding the decrees of a World Court. As for the point at issue, civil disobedience, he lays down the principles by which we should, in his opinion, be guided:

> If there is a conflict between the rights of the state and the rights of man, the rights of man come first. . . . If there is a conflict between public edict and private conscience, private conscience comes first. . . .

He ends on an optimistic note: "All things are possible if we do not crave the distinction of being the last generation of men on earth."

It will be apparent from these brief extracts that the contributors are not all discussing the same subject. There is no lack of ideas, but the two issues have become confused. Is civil disobedience ethical? This is a question to be studied either in the abstract or as applied to something relatively indifferent, like (say) vaccination. But many of the contributors tend to associate civil disobedience with banning the Bomb. We are thus confronted with a different issue: "Do you approve of H-Bombs?" The contributors are fairly unanimous about this, and we incline to suspect that H-Bomb enthusiasts were not among those canvassed for their opinion. The best-informed of those who record their disapproval is Dr. Schweitzer. Alone among the critics he points out that too many such bombs have fallen already, and that children deformed by radiation may appear in the fourth generation of a populace exposed to this atmospheric pollution.

There is, however, little reason to bring H-Bombs and civil disobedience into the same debate. That sort of danger is obviously unaffected by that sort of protest. What is relevant to either discussion is the comparable danger of world population continuing to expand at its present or foreseeable rate of growth. How are numbers to be limited, if not by famine, pestilence, and war? How shall we regard the civil disobedience of those who produce a larger number of children than they or anyone else can feed? How are we to reconcile private conscience and public edict in as fundamental a matter as that?



"Who crossed our irrigation system with our oil pipeline?"

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Listening for the Different Voice

By WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

TAKE the haphazards of any three months' production of new books of poetry, and if the quality is not everywhere amazingly high—and it is not—one is still amazed at the quantity. For, despite the well-known difficulties of publication in this anciently noncommercial field—difficulties that frustrate many a new, young poet but may also plague older poets for much of a lifetime—a great deal of verse is indeed brought out. After a reviewer has discarded the privately printed volumes and those other books filled with competent but uninteresting work (nothing new to say, no new way of saying anything), there can still remain, as there does from these past three months, a considerable pile.

Not that I have kept for comment only what I thoroughly like. The problem is more complex than that. In poetry one is always listening for the very different or even the slightly different tone of voice that has an individual spirit and accent that does not at all or does not wholly resemble any other poet's. Oddly enough, this can be difficult to detect. The history of poetry criticism is so filled with errors of omission and noncomprehension that the mere momentary reviewer despairs of fairness and of his own intelligence. Yet he must always try. And if I glance at that discarded pile without deep trepidation, I reread what I have kept with a most earnest hope for grace.

To begin with, we have in the current lot two long experimental poems, quite extraordinary books, that bulge like monsters amidst the lyric fish. They even have some resemblances. They are *The Anathémata*, by David Jones (Chilmark, $5.75), and *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel*, by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (Viking, $6).

The *Anathémata* ("things set aside or consecrated for a deity") was published in 1952 in England, following by many years his one other book, that mixture of verse and prose about World War I called *In Parenthesis*. We owe much to Chilmark Press for at last issuing in America these remarkable writings. T. S. Eliot has testified to Jones's "genius," and W. H. Auden thinks *The Anathémata* is "very probably the finest long poem written in English in this century."

It is an extremely difficult book to describe, for it is often difficult to understand. It appears to be a religious poem with, as Mr. Auden has suggested, a thematic intertwining of the two Adams: the Adam that is man and the Adam that is man's savior, Jesus Christ; an epic of man's salvation. As in Ezra Pound's *Cantos*, to which David Jones's work invites a comparison not altogether to the benefit of Pound, the narrative shifts back and forth through many eras, from ancient to modern times, without regard for chronology. But basically we seem to be involved in a journey (there is particularly stunning sea imagery in *The Anathémata*) through Europe to the British Isles. Points of reference are the Christian, Greek, Welsh, and English mythologies.

Mr. Jones calls his work "a series of fragments." Although he has written a lengthy preface and annotated the text heavily, we are left with many mysteries. One may anticipate (as Mr. Eliot already has) how busily explicators will examine these complex pages. What, then, is an early, nonscholarly reviewer using as a basis for praising *The Anathémata*? Actually, the language: rich, dense, tremendously vigorous, mightily alive. One thinks not only of Pound but of Eliot and Joyce at their best. Yet this is no mere derivative work; rather, it is a companion masterpiece from an era of daring experiment now drawing to a close.

In Evan Connell's book we are told:

> I am gathering in order to collate, what otherwise
> must be scattered and left anonymous by the maelstrom,
> tenderly, with a sense of profound obligation.
> I have rescued from oblivion many things
> that have no name, and there are more. . . .

Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel is one enormous monologue. Here again we have multiple shifts in and out of history, mingling ancient and modern, frequently with the feel of the *Cantos* and with the abbreviations characteristic of Chinese verse. Suffering, death, the loves and identities of man, be they in long-ago Mayan days or at Hiroshima, are explored and related. At one point Connell remarks that what he is writing is "apothegms," and he crowds his work with philosophic statements, many of them familiar.

"What shall I say next?" he occasionally asks; and, "Who knows / the significance of this?" His method raises the question of inevitable order. Where Jones seems to write out of some wild compulsion, Connell appears to be performing an exercise. Often interesting, sometimes not. I wonder if, say, you transposed pages 20-40 and pages 60-80, it would make any difference.

I don't intend here that generally feckless game of beating one book with another. The several resemblances in technique just happen to force a comparison. Connell's simpler language has powers of its own, often no mean ones. In any case, we have here, each in its own way, two big, maverick books in contemporary poetry, two that should not be overlooked by any reader seriously interested in the "news" of poetry.

WELL-KNOWN elders have a considerable representation among the current titles, and in speaking of them I should like first to mention the late Robinson Jeffers and his posthumous collection, *The Beginning and the End and Other Poems* (Random House, $3.95).

Let me say plainly that I write out of an unfashionable conviction that the neglect of Jeffers, even the scorn for Jeffers, in the past three decades constitutes the major scandal of contemporary American poetry. The many little fashions in verse, some of them little indeed, that would drive him out seem to me dwarfed by the achievements of his finest work. One has to grant that, like many poets, Jeffers wrote too much, because, like many poets, he was repetitious. One has the privilege, even as a defender, of refusing to buy his ideas. In other words, one hasn't necessarily to acquiesce in the proposition that hawks and rocks and the Pacific Ocean are beautiful in contrast to the inbred monstrosity and corruption of man in order to recognize the muscularity with which Jeffers made such pronouncements. Though it may give us pause to recall how many years ago Jeffers maintained that as civilizations heighten they move toward decay, that mankind may destroy itself.

All right; he said what he had to say in *Roan Stallion* and *Tamar* when he was about forty, and he died last year at seventy-five after having frequently resaid it. Often, by the way, in brief poems, many of which may yet be seen as the most powerful direct poetic statements we have had since some of the

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short poems in *Leaves of Grass*. In this final book Jeffers muses yet again over his landscape, over the fate of man in the age of the Bomb, over his own work and sometimes that of others. With the great exception of Yeats, only Jeffers in our time could use himself as his protagonist. So here he muses on the "madness" of a life given to poetry, on his own death, on his stone house and how he will revisit it as a ghost. It is the relaxed, rather prosy, but by no means weak poetry of an old man; and when one thinks of Jeffers's integrity, his lifelong dedication, *The Beginning and the End* is a moving book.

MANY of the poems in Conrad Aiken's *The Morning Song of Lord Zero* (Oxford University Press, $4.75) are dialogues, at some times oddly embodied, as is Aiken's way, circling round death-consciousness —the imminence of death and the fear of it. Some forty pages of this collection are new; the balance presents revised versions of a circus cycle first written in 1916 and a selection of poems from relatively recent volumes.

Aiken has an incessant stylistic trick that might be termed a "contradictory alternative"; for example: "Perfection it may be—or imperfection it may be—"; "human shape not human." It is this that tends to diffuse his unarguable and individual eloquence; this, and that famous "music" which, founded upon an echoing of words, renders the images employed so literary. The work seems to me exasperating and befuddling, without ever quite losing a distinction that has made Aiken one of the continually fascinating figures in our literature.

The outrageously prolific, eminently respectworthy, fabulous Robert Graves has recently published a slim collection of poems. Whether he can persevere as an antidote to the Pound-Eliot era I do not know. One admires the clean skill of his poems; one wonders if they can possibly find a place above the "distinguished minor" category. In some ways Graves is a poet out of the Georgian era who grew up to have brains. The present collection, *New Poems* (Doubleday, $2.95), is a set of pure love lyrics, profoundly masculine, which in some instances could be addressed to a real woman but which for the most part are much more evidently addressed to Graves's muse, to his "White Goddess." That is to say, these are basically poems about the writing of poetry, about the experience of poetry itself, which Graves dramatizes in many and varied ways.

Speaking of the Georgians, we now have the *Collected Poems* (St. Martin's, $4.50) of that long-surviving prince among them, Ralph Hodgson, who died last year at ninety-one on his farm near Minerva, Ohio—a long way from England. Here, then, are "The Bull" and "Time You Old Gypsy Man" and "Eve," poems that so many of us grew up on. And here, in a far from bulky life work, are many other poems, none of which seems to count as much as the three famous ones I have mentioned. I pray that no poetry reader ever gets too smart to appreciate those enchanting lines beginning, "Eve, with her basket, was / Deep in the bells and grass," and all the magical rest of it.

And in these columns let me simply mention—for to attempt a necessarily brief review would be distastrously inadequate—that New Directions has simply reissued *The Collected Later Poems* ($4) of that lovely, lively poet William Carlos Williams. The current edition contains about a dozen poems—though none I think of first importance in the Williams canon—that were overlooked when the book was originally put together in the late Forties.

Perhaps I can best make a transition from famous names to some as yet lesser known, or even unknown, by way of a poet of considerable reputation, the Welshman Vernon Watkins, whose new collection is called *Affinities* (New Directions, $3.50). He begins a poem "To Hölderlin" thus:

> Poet of godlike stillness, anchorite,
> Son of the world God made before man sinned,
> Outcast of Hellas, aether's lonely friend,
> Worshipper wounded at the shrine of light: . . .

It might have been written by a fairly talented contemporary of John Keats. What we have in Watkins's verse is the seamless style, the lovely rhyming, the beautifully modulated stanzas, and the literary allusions of the nineteenth-century romantics. It is all very able; and, perhaps because it is imported, we fail to question how much it emanates, as poetry should, from our own time. When this occurs in our own country most critics scream in anguish, "Robert Hillyer!" And they are correct, though I persist in believing they sometimes underestimate lyrics, Hillyer's and others', that would be flawless in any era.

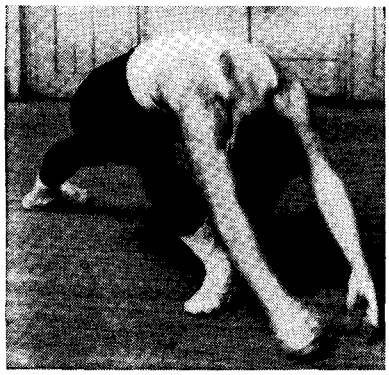
On the assumption that undeservedly inadequate attention is at least preferable to none, I want to say in the brief space I have here a little bit about John Logan and some of the other younger poets.

Logan, who has been much praised, is represented by a collection called *Spring of the Thief* (Knopf, $4). It is a various book, most powerful in the violent rhetoric of its opening section, a set of Biblical (*cum* Greek legend) monologues. The remainder is more casual: a run of little poems about circus people, a couple of sets commenting on photographs by Aaron Siskind, and some highly relaxed verse that is rather like personal journalism. ("I have not written my poem / about the Pope and the two young men," etc.) It is often interesting, but what we have here is the unacknowledged—probably unaware—*frivolity of the religious intellectual* in the twentieth century.

Final Solutions, by Frederick Seidel (Random House, $3.75), introduces a poet who is extravagantly praised by Robert Lowell on the book's jacket. Well, it is what we look for: something strange and new. A book of monologues, it creates characters and situations from an individual point of view in a fresh manner. "Like a gray cat tied to the tarred stump of a tree / At night, the hall hides, tries its length, slinks back. It climbs / Piles of back stairs down from the dark street." I question any general significance in what young Mr. Seidel has written; yet here is poetry of tensest strength. It has the shock-technique of unanticipated juxtapositions, while the harsh and nearly cruel yet somehow beautiful lines occasionally border on madness.

One of the best of the younger poets, David Wagoner, has produced his third

Arduous Art: The discipline of unremitting hard work that lies behind the "dreamlike" ballet is stressed in *The Dancer's World* (Reynal, $8.95), photographs by Michael Peto and text by Alexander Bland.



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book, *The Nesting Ground* (Indiana University Press, $3.50). From him we get marvelously controlled lyrics on natural and personal things. Wagoner reminds me of a pregnant remark Stravinsky once made in an interview: that he strives in his music to "avoid the spectacular." Here is a poet who does just that. Wagoner takes the simple object or the ordinary event—a bird, a picnic—and transforms it into metaphysics by the sheer energy of his perceptive writing.

Judson Jerome, a less practiced, less assured, but vitally promising poet, also has a way of lifting simplicities into intellectual symbolism. Babies, children, domestic love—he deals often in commonplaces. Irony, didactics, a skilful but unobtrusive trick of enlarging the significance of a single image, mark his youthful but not negligible work. His book is *Light in the West* (Golden Quill, $2.75). I also commend as extremely "readable" another first book, Edward Field's *Stand Up, Friend, with Me* (Grove, $2.50). Loose, conversational, Field's verse courts some risk of coyness; nevertheless it is so engagingly, naturally American in its urban scene and colloquial speech that one is charmed. (This seldom occurs in poetry, however good.) On the other hand, there is vigorous imagery, a high seriousness of intent, but no portentousness of style in Gene Frumkin's *The Hawk and the Lizard* (Alan Swallow, 75¢).

In *Naked as the Glass* (Clark & Way, hardbound, $3.75, paperback, $1.65) Jean Burden brings out a first book of genuine distinction. She speaks of poetry as a bridge between "the world of time and the world of timelessness." Her lyrics usually revolve around an idea, and she employs the old frames of love, death, past, present. Within these, she is astringently feminine, with a fine economy, a strong delicacy. She always *says* something, often in lovely ways.

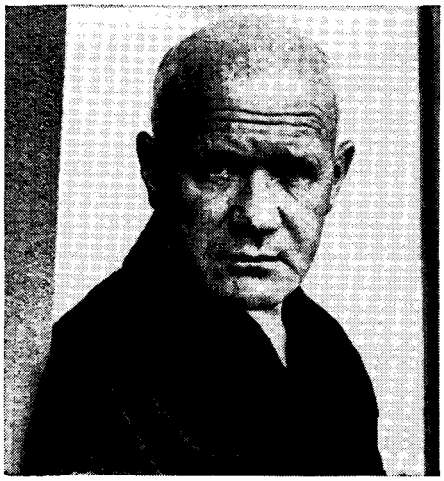
Finally, just a word for two academicians who chiefly write verse, light or intellectual or both: Reed Whittemore, in *The Fascination of the Abomination* (Macmillan, $5), a big book that also contains many stories and critical essays; and Carlos Baker, in *A Year and a Day* (Vanderbilt University Press, $2.50). Whittemore is almost a neo-Nashist; Baker's annotations in verse are usually done with a neat, epigrammatic, literary skill—though I cannot resist quoting a stanza of his "In Memoriam" to Robert Frost:

> Like metaphor in tribute to
> The poet we had lately lost
> The morning sun he never knew
> Spangled every tree with frost.

It would be hard to write more unfortunately than that.

MIND OF A GENIUS

The Evil and the Ecstasy



Jean Genet—a fascination with ceremony, sorcery, and ritual.

Saint Genet: Actor and Martyr, by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Braziller. 625 pp. $8.50), and The Imagination of Jean Genet, by Joseph H. McMahon (Yale University Press. 273 pp. $6.50), explore in diverse fashion the troubled wellsprings of a controversial writer and the meaning of his works. Leon S. Roudiez is on the faculty of Columbia University.

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

PORNOGRAPHERS' claims to the contrary, obscene books are not necessarily good, but, in spite of what Aunt Maisy thinks, the best in literature has always been objectionable in one way or another. When a writer like Jean Genet emerges and creates a disturbance, it is difficult to find critics willing to analyze and evaluate the intrinsic qualities of his work; one also must contend with those who seek to determine why such an individual happened to write that particular kind of unsavory stuff. While there is some overlapping of the two interests, Jean-Paul Sartre, always the moralist, exemplifies the latter. Twice in the early pages of his long, wordy, but readable volume (excellently translated by Mr. Frechtman) he emphasizes his purpose to understand Genet the man, the significance of his preoccupation with evil and his homosexuality. On the other hand, Joseph McMahon assures us of his concern for "the more pertinent values of Jean Genet as a writer."

Saint Genet suffers somewhat from having been translated so long after its original appearance in France in 1952; it is a pity that Sartre could not have been persuaded to replace the appendices with a chapter bringing his evaluation up to date. The essay, however, is not so obsolete as it may seem, for what we learn about Genet, interesting and valuable as it is, is really incidental to the insight we are given into Sartre's method of existential psychoanalysis. As he explains in his final chapter, he has attempted to reveal the limitations of both Freudian interpretation and Marxist explanation, and, substituting his own brand of analysis, "to demonstrate that freedom alone can account for a person in his totality." The method is familiar to readers of Sartre, but it receives here one of its most detailed and enlightening illustrations. Genet is thus little more than a "case" whose biography, written statements, and private conversations are studied objectively with a view towards elucidating human behavior. Incidentally, the word "saint" in the title should not be taken to imply subjective admiration: "I reject Saintliness wherever it manifests itself," Sartre is careful to explain, "among the canonized saints as well as in Genet." The canonized saint alluded to is the third-century St. Genestus, patron saint of actors: with that in mind, Sartre sees Genet as a martyr for Evil who has defiantly assumed the villainous role society had assigned to him.

As one might have expected, the least rewarding portions of the book are those that deal more specifically with the writings of Genet (mainly the poems and the novels). Sartre's restrictive notions of what constitutes prose lead him to state that the novels of Genet are "false novels written in false prose"; his blindness to literary values is evidenced by his discussing the poems and novels of Genet as if they belonged on the same esthetic plane as those of Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Valéry, Giraudoux, or Joyce (all of whom are mentioned). We do find out, from *Saint Genet*, what made Genet write and why some of the things he wrote are so bad; but only by reading between the lines do we get an inkling of why he can also write effectively.

For practical purposes, then, Mr. Mc-

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Mahon has presented us with the first major literary study of Genet to appear in book form. He tries to provide the necessary counterpoise to *Saint Genet* and, wanting to keep his distance, goes so far as to write that "Sartre is led to say some remarkably inept things." In attempting to be less "inept," however, Mr. McMahon appears to have been attracted to an area of discussion dangerously close to Sartre's, with the result that only too often *Saint Genet* seems to hang about his neck like a dead albatross. The obvious lesson is that only by ignoring Sartre will a critic have a chance to write a truly rewarding study of Genet. Mr. McMahon devotes a considerable amount of attention to peripheral matters, especially when dealing with the early works, but he also gives us a number of revealing glimpses into Genet's art. He does tend to overrate the novels, thus calling *Pompes funèbres* "one of the most dazzling technical works produced in this century," and he unnecessarily minimizes the accomplishments of other contemporary writers. The Sartrian curse is again displayed when he refers to "the poverty of ideas which has given birth to the absurd in the theatre," as if good theatre were predicated on "ideas"; his gratuitous condemnation of Beckett, Audiberti, and Ionesco in no way serves to prove Genet's stature. In spite of an almost overriding concern with details of plot—what people do and how they affect one another—Mr. McMahon gradually brings out the key to Genet's esthetic power: his fascination with, and increasingly expert use of, ceremony, sorcery, and ritual. He singles out *Querelle de Brest*, Genet's fourth novel, as the one in which there occurs an artistic break-through to a potential audience, "for the magic is no longer personal incantation; it has become ritual designed to involve the whole tribe."

As Mr. McMahon implies, the plays are more successful than the novels for that same reason: Genet has found a way to involve his audience more deeply and significantly. Hence one is disappointed to find so little emphasis on the ritual aspect of Genet's theatre especially in *Les Bonnes*, *Le Balcon*, and *Les Nègres*. As with the novels, there is too much consideration of the characters' separate actions, not enough of the total theatrical performance. In elaborating some of his statements, Mr. McMahon tends to forget the text and, on a few occasions, to distort it, carried away as he seems to be by his own commentary. He complicates what is simple, powerful, and primitive in Genet, as when he claims that "to understand *Les Nègres* readily one must have a broad education and a deep sense of theatre"; but should one go to the theatre to "understand"? Or when, in discussing *Le Balcon*, he wonders about the "meaning" of the revolution that we see on stage. That revolution, however, does not "mean"—it *is*; its specific goals do not matter, it grows, becomes corrupted, and fails. Why it seems directed against the brothel as much as against the palace of the queen, or to what extent its tendency to turn into a festivity is a cause of its failure, are questions that are closer to the play. Mr. McMahon also builds a strong case for *Les Paravents* on an intellectual level; he may well have a point, in spite of that work's heavy pornographic content. It is a play, however, and must stand or fall not on any of its intellectual aspects but on its theatrical merits, which he has not brought out (nor have they been fully tested on any stage). The distinction is one he is obviously aware of, and he does, for instance, differentiate between the "production" of *Les Nègres* and its "statement." A weakness of an otherwise commendable book is that *The Imagination of Jean Genet* shows too much interest in "statement"—a secondary aspect of art, whether it be literature or theatre.

Visions Out of Orbit: As a playwright, Jean Genet is extraordinary and unique. His first effort, *The Maids* (1947), in which two female servants enact the hostilities Genet feels they ought to have towards the lady who employs them, had only a moderate success when it was produced Off Broadway in 1955. However, because of the opportunity it offers actresses to explore their own suppressed desires, it promises to become a permanent fixture in all of the ambitious repertory companies that are springing up around the U.S. Genet's second play, *Deathwatch* (1949), in which three imprisoned criminals fantasy to the point of action totally criminal desires, was first performed here by the Poet's Theatre in Cambridge, Mass., and enjoyed a respectable Off Broadway run in 1958. Both of these plays are published in one volume in an Evergreen paperback edition (Grove Press, $1.95).

Partly because it has been made into a motion picture, the most famous of Genet's plays to date is *The Balcony* (1957; Grove, $1.95), which brilliantly shows a number of ordinary people in a very special kind of brothel where they pay to carry out with the assistance of prostitutes the rituals of identities to which they aspire. As produced at Circle-in-the-Square, in 1960, *The Balcony* had the longest run of any play in Off Broadway history, and was voted the Best Foreign Play of the season by two upstart critics (Kenneth Tynan and Henry Hewes), the year the Drama Critics Circle gave the award to *Five Finger Exercise*.

However, the record set by *The Balcony* was soon surpassed by M. Genet's next play, *The Blacks* (1960; Grove, $1.75), which is still running Off Broadway. In this a number of Negroes perform a "play" depicting the rape of a white girl (performed by a male Negro in a white mask) in front of a pretend audience of whites (also Negroes in white masks).

Genet's most recent work for the theatre, *The Screens* (1962; Grove, $3.95), poetically and complicatedly explores the position of the Algerian Arab in relation to his French colonial oppressors. As in *The Blacks* Genet's concerns are completely nonpolitical and nondidactic. The play has not yet been produced here. However, there is an excellent discussion of it and Genet's other plays in the special Genet-Ionesco issue of the *Tulane Drama Review* #19 (Hill & Wang, $1.25).

When I am asked my nomination for the greatest living playwright, I usually find myself saying a little apologetically, "Probably Jean Genet." It's not that his plays are constantly entertaining, or that they catch the flavor of modern life, or that they are significant documentation of the large issues of our day. They are none of these. But of contemporary dramatists his visions are the least contaminated with paraphraseable social, political, or psychological considerations. The fifty-three-year-old poet writes, so to speak, out of orbit—without the element of compassion, which most playwrights find obligatory because anyone who lives within our society must accept compassion as the universal redeeming force that binds us to each other and audiences to our plays. He can do this because, as a former criminal, he himself lived outside society, and because he has a profound and completely committed concern for private man's basic isolation from palliative social comforts.

For him the tragedy is that nobody can be sufficiently committed to the acts a horrifying social system justifies. His maids cannot be hostile enough, his Negroes cannot be black enough, or his criminals vicious enough. Beyond that, since our identities depend on recognition by others, the half-fake, half-real world of the theatre becomes the ideal place for M. Genet to show us, as he so stimulatingly does, the terror and wonder of any attempt to be our true selves.

—Henry Hewes.

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Desire Under the Eaves

***Our Lady of the Flowers**, by Jean Genet, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Grove. 318 pp. $6.50), brings for the first time to the general U.S. public the prisoner-poet's first novel, a mingling of reminiscence and hallucination. Laurent LeSage teaches French literature at Pennsylvania State University.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

WITH Jean Genet's plays acclaimed in this country by off-Broadway audiences and tolerated, at least in one movie version, by the general public, Grove Press now dares to present his first novel. The time may be well chosen. The sort of literature once banned as pornographic appears on the lists of best-sellers, and tales of sexual deviation are relished for their exotic appeal. Still, *Our Lady of the Flowers* will be a shocker. The characters are homosexual whores and hoods of Montmartre, conjured up by the erotic imagination of a waifish inmate of the Fresnes Penitentiary.

Every night under his blanket the prisoner escapes in an onanistic debauch. His chief fetishes are Darling, the "giant whose curved feet cover half the globe as he stands with his legs apart," Gorgui, the "proud-scented" Negro, and Our Lady, the blond boy with "milk-fed muscles," whose nickname gives the book its title. Yet the story the prisoner weaves through his dreams is not Our Lady's so much as Divine's, the story of a wistful little boy who grew up to become the preposterous creature of the Place Blanche. Divine emerges as a real character amid the sex fetishes, the one with whom the narrator most identifies; and "her" story is a realistic account, easily followed through the broken narrative pieces and patches of dialogue. She lives in a garret, shared from time to time by the other principals—Darling the shop lifter, Gorgui the pimp, Our Lady the hustler and dope-pusher. She descends from her garret to do the streets and the bars.

Despite the faithful evocation of *milieu*, Genet's book is of course no slice-of-life study, but a sexual fantasy entwined with reminiscences. Its basic homosexuality is so complicated with sadistic, masochistic, coprophilic, even necrophilic elements that the reading of it is not for the queasy. The *cas Genet* has been studied by Sartre in a 700-page essay (see page 38) from which fifty-seven pages have been carved to preface this work. Of obvious interest to the psychoanalyst, Genet likewise intrigues the metaphysician (Sartre plays both, plus sociologist and esthetician), who can expound on the place of God in Genet's work and his ambivalent emotions regarding death.

But so much philosophy is superfluous. We need not understand that Genet is an essentialist, a Platonic idealist, an Aristotelian conceptualist, or that his imagination is "retractile" in order to understand that what made leading French writers plead to have Genet's life-sentence revoked was a poetic genius the like of which had not appeared since Lautréamont. The hallucinations of a sick soul reach heights of veritable beauty, and the cry of rapture and horror which they call forth is of the purest lyrical quality.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1055

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1055 will be found in the next issue.

SKVMA DQ H OBVTERP; YHT-

AKKE H QMPVWWBR; KBE

HWR H PRWPRM.

EDQPHRBD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1054

The course of a river is almost always disapproved of by its source.
—COCTEAU.

Suffering and Sea Change

***The Street of Crocodiles**, by Bruno Schulz, translated from the Polish by Celina Wieniewska (Walker. 159 pp. $2.95), suggesting at once Kafka, Chagall, and Isaac Bashevis Singer, introduces a nonetheless unique voice from Nazi-occupied Poland. Robert L. Stilwell teaches comparative literature at the Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

"BALZAC carried a cane on which was carved the legend: I smash every obstacle. My legend reads: Every obstacle smashes me." The famous self-estimate is Kafka's, of course. But it might as easily have been set down by the curiously gifted little man whose work, put into English for the first time, is represented by this slender, unprepossessing volume. The life of the Polish writer Bruno Schulz was riddled with illness and neuroses, and he drudged through it as an art teacher at a secondary school for boys in the provincial city of Drohobycz. His literary production, which he tortured out during odd moments of introspection and daydreaming, and which prints up to merely a few hundred pages, illuminated his personal obscurity only flickeringly. In 1942 he was shot to death by a Gestapo agent, after venturing into the "Aryan" district of Drohobycz.

However, like Kafka (whose *The Trial* he translated into Polish), Schulz managed to wrest haunting allegories from the exacerbations of his private existence. A minor artist, his imagination was nevertheless rich and strange and in some respects remarkable; *The Street of Crocodiles* is typical of what, at his best, he could do. It gathers thirteen loosely interlocked stories and sketches, most of them short and all of them largely autobiographical, in which the same unnamed "I" evokes random memories of his childhood in a town lost on the plains of southwestern Poland. Through seemingly pointless anecdotes we are introduced to the crowded household, dominated by the narrator's bearded and marvelously mad father, and to all the sights and sounds and textures of street and marketplace. The subject of a given story may be little more than an August day, "blazing with sunshine and

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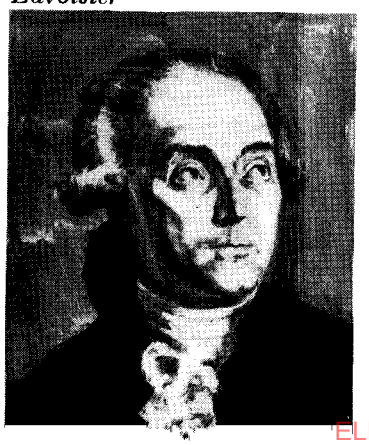
BREAKTH

Lavoisier



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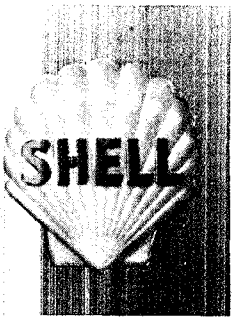

SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

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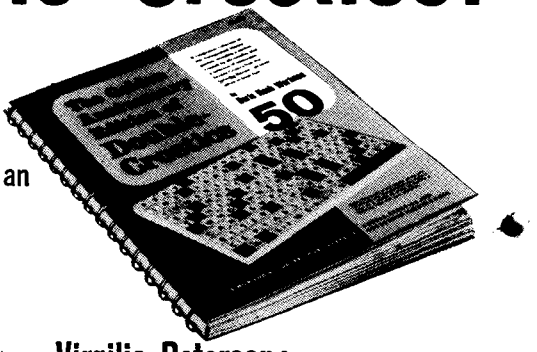
Look who's doing Double-Crostics!

DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 50, by Doris Nash Wortman, is just published. In celebration of this golden anniversary book of America's favorite literary puzzles, here are some comments from devoted solvers. They will give you an inkling of the tantalizing joys and lasting rewards of Double-Crosticking.



Cornelia Otis Skinner:

"As you know I am a Double-Crostics fan, especially a fan of Mrs. Wortman whose Double-Crostics have caused me more frustration, delight, fury and rewarding satisfaction than any other form of mental gymnastics I know."

Ogden Nash:

"After some thirty years of mingled frustration and fascination I am a more ardent fan than ever."

Suzy Parker:

"I was introduced to Double-Crostics at a tender age by one of my suitors, a confirmed addict. And the reason I am planning to marry soon is that I've met a man who is confident enough to do the puzzles in ink. So please tell Mrs. Wortman that she is grounds for compatibility."

Marc Connelly:

"Thirty years ago I became an insatiable Double-Crostician. When Elizabeth Kingsley announced her intention to retire, I didn't think any successor could possibly take her place. For several years now Doris Nash Wortman has been putting me in mine, and I am happily reconciled to eating my words as I continue meeting the challenge to identify hers."

John D. J. Moore,

Vice President, W. R. Grace & Company:

"Some people measure their affection for Double-Crostics in terms of hours spent on them. I travel about 100,000 miles per year in Europe and South America and I measure my regard for DC's in thousands of miles instead. For over two decades they have been my constant companions and I enjoy DC friendships from Santiago, Chile to Tokyo via London. At present jet speeds I refer to them as 1000 milers, 2000 milers, etc."

Henry Morgan:

"One DC is more entertaining than a year of TV."

Frank Sullivan:

"The book-form DC's have been a great force in strengthening my character. Restraining myself from looking up the answers in the back of the book has developed a will power that has made a man of me. You might be interested to know that the DC appeal is to a much wider audience than elderly fellows like myself. At a local restaurant, a few nights ago, two of the most beautiful blonde skiers I ever saw came in with a boyfriend, sat at a table near me, and immediately became so lost in the current Saturday Review DC that they almost forgot to drink the Martinis they had ordered."

Elmer Rice:

"You are quite right in assuming that I am a DC fan. What is more, I am quite stuffy about my proficiency. I have done literally thousands of them. So far, I have yet to be stumped."

Mary Ellen Chase:

"I'm deeply sorry for anyone in this world who doesn't adore doing, or *trying* to do, Mrs. Wortman's Double-Crostics. She's given me more truly wonderful hours than anyone else has ever given me. And more mental exercise, too."

Pyke Johnson, Jr.,

Editor-in-Chief, Anchor Books:

"Let others have their mysteries, their science fiction, their westerns, even (God save us all) their television. For me the most satisfactory form of escape has always been into Double-Crostics."

Virgilia Peterson:

"Double-Crostics have been my refuge. And on vacations, they come next after the sun in the order of my delight."

The Rev. Bernard C. Newman,

Vicar, Trinity Church, New York:

"Each of Mrs. Wortman's books gives many occasions of pleasure, often of excitement. The game of solving Double-Crostics, like conversation with stimulating friends, means the fun of associating ideas as well as experience in new ways."

Marshall Best,

Viking Press:

"I am indeed a Double-Crostic fan and have been since Elizabeth Kingsley started them, way back when. I am constantly surprised to find how well their interest holds up after all these years, and how many good new words they continue to yield."

Adela Rogers St. John:

"I began Double-Crostics with Book One. From that day up to now, they have given me real joy, excitement, and mental stimulation. Over and over, the final quotation, a reward of your work which no other puzzles seem to offer, has been worthwhile. I've never had a good Double-Crostic fail me."

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scented with the sweet melting pulp of golden pears," or a small dog, "awkward and squeaking, still smelling of milk and infancy." Yet Schulz's technique touches even these simple things with a kind of awful importance, as though they were being encountered for the first time.

It is through a mastery of the hallucinatory, however, that Schultz achieves his finest effects; and his most surrealistic, most Oriental displacements of "reality" grow out of his cumulative portrait of Father. Part zany and part prophet, "sold and surrendered to the other sphere," Father progressively withdraws from his textile business and loses himself amid quarrels—as involuted as the Talmud—with himself. In one story he hatches legions of monstrous birds in the attic. In another his morbid obsession with cockroaches causes him to assume, rather like Gregor Samsa, the lineaments of the insects. As he listens for customers, his ear sprouts into "a fantastic coral, a red polypus watching the chaos of the night." Near the end, perched on a high shelf in his shop and engulfed by colored waterfalls of fabrics, he blows a great shophar in atonement for the mob of buyers and sellers milling beneath him.

There are scattered brief passages—at least as Celina Wieniewska translates him—in which Schulz reads like the adventure serial from a Sunday School paper ("I stood there with a beating heart, rooted to the spot by curiosity"). Occasionally the prose strains too far after poetry and collapses into the throaty hokum of a saxophone. Far more often, though, one gets lyricism like this:

> I shall never forget that luminous journey on that brightest of winter nights. . . . The air became light to breathe and shimmered like silver gauze. One could smell violets. From under the white woolly lambskin of snow, trembling anemones appeared with a speck of moonlight in each delicate cup. The whole forest seemed to be illuminated by thousands of lights and by the stars falling in profusion from the December sky. The air pulsated with a secret spring, with the matchless purity of snow and violets.

Comparisons are easy, their value problematical. Schulz has been likened to Marc Chagall, and one might think also, in experiencing him, to Isaac Bashevis Singer; but his voice, his world, remain uniquely his own. These pieces, some of them very nearly perfect, merit a much wider audience than they are probably going to find.

Movietown USA: Thanks to *Playboy*, Hollywood writer Gordon Rengs and his circle of friends, agents, and professional back-stabbers are fast becoming as familiar to the magazine readers of this generation as Florian Slappey and his cohorts of the Midnight Picture Co. were to devotees of *The Saturday Evening Post* some three decades back. But where the Octavus Roy Cohen characters were invented out of the whole cloth, Bernard Wolfe's recurrent cast has been carefully cut to measure from the materials provided by his daily experiences in the studios and his nightly encounters in the coffee houses along the Sunset Strip. Rarely has a seventh novel been so autobiographical as *Come on Out, Daddy* (Scribners, $5.95).

Actually, one hesitates to call it a novel. Although the short stories from which this book was developed all center about Rengs, the point of view—the "I"—switches repeatedly and disconcertingly, sometimes even within a single chapter. The technique, seemingly less calculated than expeditious, robs the work of a much-needed unifying factor. (Unless one considers as more than factitious the unity provided by having all the characters—be they actors, agents, call girls, or screen writers—speak the same fanciful, convoluted prose.)

But, stylistic concerns to the side, Bernard Wolfe obviously knows the contemporary Hollywood scene—the kind of people who get sucked into its currents, what success or lack of it can do to them, what strange forces shape their destiny, and, underlying all, the corrosive, corruptive effect of Hollywood's hyper-materialistic values upon those who have neither the ethical nor the intellectual capacity to withstand them. Unlike Nathanael West and John O'Hara before him, Wolfe delivers no jeremiad; he (or at least Rengs) has established for himself a *modus vivendi* at once comfortable and chary. From this vantage point he writes with pith and vinegar of freakish and thwarted lives and dreams of glory that turn to ashes at the very moment of their realization.

If *Come on Out, Daddy* is something less than a novel, it may still be prized as an enlightened, and enlightening, view of the inhabitants of Movietown, USA, and some of their more outlandish tribal customs. Certainly, nowhere has the hysterical, pathetic twilight zone of the TV writer been better illuminated than in Wolfe's chapter (or short story) titled "Agoraphobia Is in the Public Domain." A vivid portrait of a working writer at work, it also affords a bitter insight into the mentalities and moralities that shape our television entertainment. And, like everything else about the book, it rings true. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Universals: Reading *By the North Gate* (Vanguard, $4.50), the collection of short stories that marks Joyce Carol Oates's first appearance between book covers, is as frustrating as being offered *hors d'oeuvres* by a master chef. One can only imagine how exciting a main course might be. This is how one anticipates Mrs. Oates's first novel. It should be something, judging from the fourteen stories that introduce her.

What makes her so interesting is that she uncovers the universal core within a unique happening. In the opening story, "Swamps," an old man living by himself, discarded by his married son, takes in a pregnant girl and cares for her until her child is born. When the girl kills her baby and runs away, the old man moans, "They robbed me. They robbed me." And suddenly we know that Mrs. Oates is talking of every human's need to be needed. In the title story another old man is shaken when some boys senselessly kill his dog. What does life mean? What do all our years stand for? In "Boys at a Picnic" wandering roughs invade a country picnic. When they leave, a girl with a weak heart is dead. But in her death one of the punks discovers his own mortality and realizes that his muscles and toughness will be useless when his time comes.

Though many of these stories contain violence, violence is never the author's sole concern. In story after story she fuses realism with poetry to reveal life as something always a little larger than those who live it. And in the revelation Mrs. Oates shows herself to be a woman of compassion for her fellow man.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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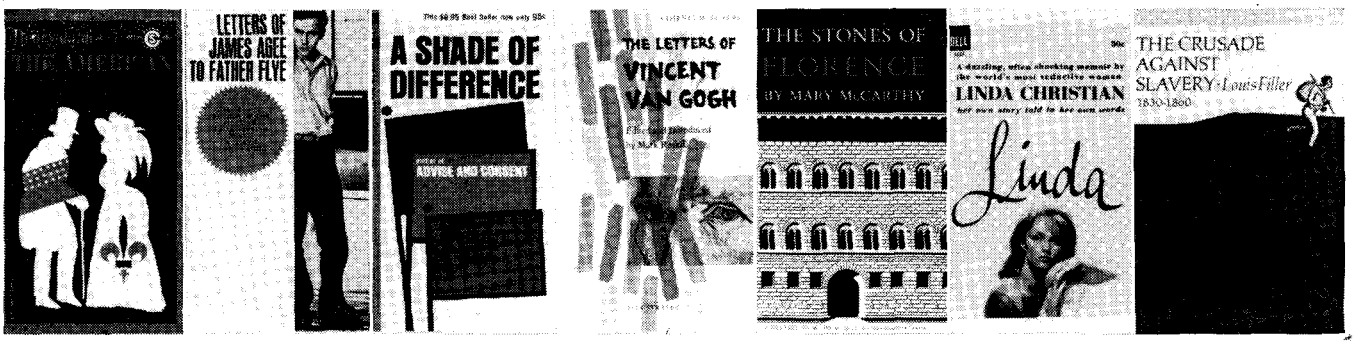

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WE WONDER what inspired the compilation of *How to Run a Paperback Bookshop*, published by R. R. Bowker, who rightfully subtitle themselves "Publisher to the Book Trade." Is it that so many people want to start paperback bookshops, or that so many have tried and failed, that Bowker feels called upon to offer stern advice? It looks easy: rent a store, order some books, sell them at a profit, and enjoy the enormous fringe benefit of your extensive private library. But, apparently, annoying details like capital, location, know-how, and industry are as unavoidable here as in any other business. The manual offers guidance also on the prevention of stealing (copping, it's politely called). The book costs $5. Naturally, it's in paperback. Two obvious sequels come to mind, depending on the outcome: *How to Start a Chain of Paperback Bookshops* and *Paperback Bookshops in Receivership*.

MARY McCARTHY is very much in the eye of the paperback storm, and is also, thanks to *The Group*, blowing up quite a storm among the hardbounds. She gives all the publishers a chance: Signet has just published *Cast a Cold Eye* (75¢), short works from the Forties; Harvest Books offers *The Stones of Florence* and *Venice Observed* ($1.35 each), and now Berkley promises for this month *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* (60¢), all about little Mary and the nuns.

If the making of books, as well as their contents, fascinates you, let us recommend *Books and Printing* (Forum, $1.85), a treasury for typophiles, edited and genially introduced by Paul A. Bennett. It's a roundup of articles on the designing and printing of books by men who love them down to the last drop of printer's ink.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

Paris is a perfect setting for a novel; but its picturesque and evocative qualities matter not at all in Claude Mauriac's *The Dinner Party* (Delta, $1.75), a novel hailed with such adjectives as "miraculous . . . provocative . . . sophisticated." It's written entirely in the spoken or unspoken dialogue that takes place at a grand dinner for eight selected guests, each of whom turns out to be leading a life of intrigue, all of them intertwined.

Still, all that fancy literary footwork can't compare with a traditional novel such as Honoré de Balzac's *The Fatal Skin* (Signet, 60¢), which Henri Peyre calls "the best introduction to the immense and bewildering Balzacian universe."

Christopher Newman, Henry James's eternally innocent American, comes to Paris with his fortune already made, yearning to learn about life, and does so thanks to a beautiful and noble Frenchwoman. The book is *The American* (Signet, 60¢), and James wrote it in 1875 when he first settled in France.

New and duly noted: John O'Hara's richly detailed Hollywood novel *The Big Laugh* (Bantam, 75¢); Hiram Haydn's *The Hands of Esau* (Pocket Books, 95¢), too long but admirably ambitious; Allen Drury's *A Shade of Difference* (Pocket Books, 95¢), in which the United Nations is the background for some high-flown and not altogether believable antics, and Louis Auchincloss's *Portrait in Brownstone* (Dell, 60¢), which follows a socially prominent New York family through half of this century.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO

Among the ever-growing literature concerned with the plight of the Negro in the United States, nothing is more persuasive than autobiography. One of the first and most eloquent testimonies is *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass: An American Slave* (Dolphin, 95¢), written in 1845 after the author escaped from Maryland to freedom in New York. Douglass, who became a leading Abolitionist and later our Ambassador to Haiti, endured the unendurable yet wrote about his years of slavery with remarkable restraint.

There's no such restraint in Richard Wright's *Black Boy* (Signet, 75¢), as burning and indignant a book as we know about the American Negro. Yet, for all Wright's anguish, his tale of his own sordid youth is triumphant proof that man indeed can prevail. Langston Hughes's *The Big Sea* (Hill & Wang, $1.95) recalls the Twenties in Paris and Harlem, where the author knew most of the great poets and visited them.

Most of the books written about American Negroes divide neatly into two groups: studies of slavery and works that ponder the Negro problem today and wonder, what now? Frank Tannenbaum's *Slave and Citizen: The Negro in the Americas* (Vintage, $1.45) provides an interesting analysis of the difference in the position—social, intellectual, and economic—of the Negro in this country and in Latin America, where he enjoys higher status. In *The Crusade Against Slavery: 1830-1860* (Torchbooks, $2.25), Louis Filler surveys the many Abolitionist groups, which, though united in their hatred for slavery, frequently offered contradictory solutions. In *Slavery Defended: The Views of the Old South* (Spectrum, $1.95), edited by Eric L. McKitrick, such Southern intellectuals as John Calhoun put forward their case for slavery in terms of social and economic necessity. Morality, especially in the essays by eighteenth-century merchants, was put aside in favor of business demands. And last among the antebellum books is Miles Mark Fisher's scholarly *Negro Slave Songs in the United States* (Citadel, $1.95), which interprets spirituals in terms of Negro hopes and ideals.

Of the paperbacks dealing with contemporary racial problems, one of the most effective is Eli Ginzberg's *The Ne-*

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gro Potential (Columbia, $1.45), in which an economist and specialist in manpower records the remarkable progress the Negro has made in industry and the professions, and at the same time underscores how sorely handicapped he is by lack of education both at school and in his home environment.

The theory of nonviolence can be traced back to early Christian-Jewish tradition. *The Quiet Battle* (Anchor original, $1.45), subtitled "Writings on the Theory and Practice of Non-Violent Resistance," edited by Mulford Q. Sibley, is a highly interesting anthology tracing nonviolence to its historical roots and going on to illustrate effectively how totalitarianism has and can be conquered by such action.

PERSON TO PERSON

The abundance of letters, journals, and autobiographical material in paperback offers some offbeat insights into the lives of the great and the not so great. But *The Great American Gentleman: The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover in Virginia, 1709-1712* (Capricorn, $1.65) is scarcely clandestine; Byrd was the son of the founder of the famous family, and he writes with an elegant turn about eighteenth-century life.

In his introduction to *Letters from an American Farmer* (Signet, 95¢), by J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, Albert Stone, Jr., calls the book the first "voice of our national conscience." De Crèvecoeur, after serving under General Montcalm, became a farmer in New York, and his book asks what it is to be an American. Mr. Stone also quotes D. H. Lawrence as saying, "Franklin is the real practical prototype of the American. Crèvecoeur is the emotional." The practicality is evident in *The Benjamin Franklin Papers* (Apollo, $1.75), by Frank Donovan, who presents chronologically in abbreviated form Franklin's chief writings, gathered from a variety of sources and spanning the Founding Father's long and active lifetime. Mr. Donovan effectively clarifies his selections with bridging narrative.

Milovan Djilas's *Conversations with Stalin* (Harvest, $1.65) is a remarkably frank book with revealing views of the late dictator as he discusses with the valiant Yugoslav subjects ranging from the theory of communism to the party line on love poetry. Both Stalin and Benjamin Franklin are among the talkers included in *The Book of Great Conversations* (Universal, $2.45), edited by Louis Biancolli. Among the others whom one might expect to eavesdrop on are Samuel Johnson, Socrates, and George Bernard Shaw; rather more surprising are conversations between Anatole France and Rodin, Casanova and Voltaire.

The Letters of Emily Dickinson (Universal, $1.95) collects in one volume the two-volume edition of letters first published in 1894, only eight years after the poet's death. Mable Loomis Todd is the editor, and her comments still afford a fairly representative biography. But it is the letters that astonish us. Again and again, sometimes at length but more often briefly, Emily Dickinson asserts her originality, delicacy, and depth. She comforts Mrs. Henry Mills, whose child had died: " 'Come unto me.' Beloved commandment! The darling obeyed it."

Somewhere far from here is the world of *Linda* (Dell, 50¢), which purports to be the story of Linda Christian, whoever she may be, told in her own words. Linda brags that she was seduced by Errol Flynn, married to Tyrone Power, and propositioned by Aly Khan. And many others.

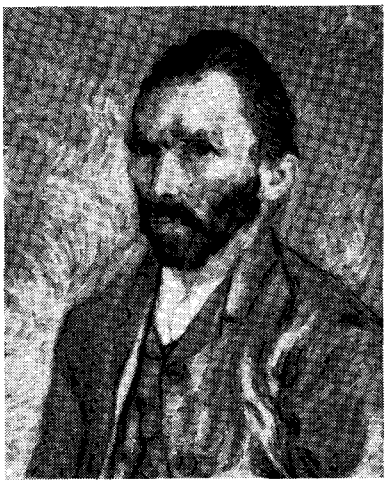
A delightful journal, and one indeed told in the author's own words, is Ernest Thompson Seton's *America* (Dolphin, $1.45), which the great naturalist accompanies with his own sketches of wildlife. And as a final note, *The Essential T. E. Lawrence* (Compass, $1.65), a selection of his writings made by David Garnett, includes some touching letters at the end, when the "prophet," overwhelmed by fallibility, painfully began to rejoin the human race.

THE LAW

A true story of courtroom shenanigans is *Trial Judge* (Cornerstone Library, $1.50), in which Justice Bernard Botein recalls certain cases that not only give insight into the breadth of the law but also display the weighty responsibilities a jurist must assume. Others in Cornerstone Library's impressive Courtroom Series ($1.50 each) are David W. Peck's *Decision at Law* and *The*

(*Continued on page* 78)

"The Postman Roulin."



"Self-Portrait."

Star-Crossed Painter: *The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* (Atheneum, $1.95), edited by Mark Roskill, were addressed to his patient brother Theo, the Paris art dealer whose faith in and love for the star-crossed painter is an immortal chapter in the history of art. The letters are as honest, anguished, and profound as the paintings, many of which appear in this volume in black-and-white reproductions.

"Portrait of an Artist Friend."

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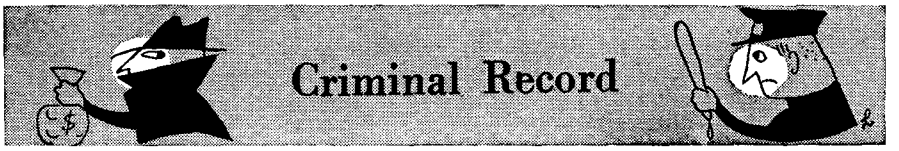


TREASON IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. *By Margret Bovert. Putnam.* $5.95. Pétain, Laval, Pound, Hansum, Quisling, *et al.* are here dissected and made understandable (but by no means admirable); the "good" traitors (anti-Hitler Germans) also get their day in court. Absorbing reading, particularly for those who remember when.

BURGESS AND MACLEAN. *By Anthony Purdy and Douglas Sutherland. Doubleday.* $3.95. This factual narrative is a competent, highly readable reprise of British Intelligence's greatest disaster (written, of course, before Burgess's recent death, which does not nullify book's impact).

THE HABITUAL PRISONER. *By D. J. West. St. Martin's.* $5. This nineteenth unit in Cambridge Studies in Criminology discusses backgrounds and careers of a hundred recidivists and points out factors in common. Good case histories.

THE SEA MONKS. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $3.50. English stick-up quartet (one female) lams after killing, seizes boat, takes over lighthouse and its crew of three. Usual excellent situation problem.

THE MIRROR CRACK'D. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $3.75. Jane Marple, aged English spinster whose hobbies are knitting and solving murders, disposes of three in this characteristically fine job. Excellent humor, too.

THE PLAYER ON THE OTHER SIDE. *By Ellery Queen. Random House.* $3.95. Handyman for odd quartet in ancient Manhattan mansion gets odd mail; three deaths and one near-miss eventuate; Shaw (G.B.), Huxley (T.H.), Rimbaud (A.) quoted; Queens, father and son, wrap things up. Welcome back after five years!

A PLACE FOR MURDER. *By Emma Lathen. Macmillan.* $3.95. Connecticut black-Angus set in flap when dog-fancying matron is faded out; cops present, but New York banker does most of the figuring. Jolly good fun.

DEATH AT CRANE'S COURT. *By Eilis Dillon. Walker.* $3.50. Murder at posh Irish hostelry catering largely to elderly well-heeled gives nice local guards (cops to you) chance to do their stuff. Pleasantly exciting, with nice comic touches.

GAUGE OF DECEPTION. *By K. G. Ballard. Crime Club.* $3.50. American agents in West Berlin get tip on exports beyond wall; rural France also on itinerary. This Intelligence job, though involved, is credibly and beautifully done.

ONE HOUR TO KILL. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $3.50. Yank illustrator, resident in Trinidad, finds wife he is seeking to divorce dead in her room; he weaves tangled web. Author's fiftieth (usual old-pro performance) is dedicated to his publisher.

THE DISTANT CLUE. *By Richard and Frances Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. Our senior citizens fare badly in this latest exploit of Captain M. L. Heimrich of New York State Police; three bite dust; public library is burglared. Sound job all the way.

WAITING FOR OLIVER. *By Simon Troy. Macmillan.* $3.95. Extra-sinister villain and lad he bullied in school days meet for showdown in Channel Islands; ladies are present. Novel setting is pleasantly featured.

BRIDGE OF SAND. *By Frank Gruber. Dutton.* $3.95. Vengeance-seeker joins archeological party in Israel to get his man; San Francisco interlude has important bearing. Good action, including military.

ZANZIBAR INTRIGUE. *By Van Wyck Mason. Doubleday.* $3.95. Twentieth exploit finds Hugh North of G-2 assigned to rescue CIA agent off African coast in race against time. Good to see you again, Colonel!

SEVEN PILLARS TO HELL. *By Hugh Marlow. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Ex-archeologist Gavin Kane, living by wits in Near East, escorts Yankee gal into desert in search of her husband. Regulation Arabian thriller.

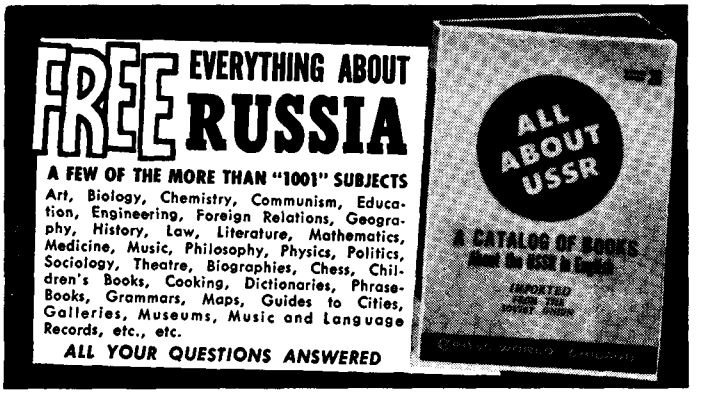
THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $2.95. Supt. Roger West of Yard almost goofs in hunt for double murderer, but coincidences carry him through. Author has beaten this.

UNDERCOVER CAT. *By The Gordons. Crime Club.* $3.95. FBI, investigating LA bank heist, enlists aid of huge domestic feline; yarn has bedroom-farce overtones, but is exciting when allowed to be. Ailurophiles will absorb avidly.

THE MONEY TRAP. *By Lionel White. Dutton.* $3.50. New York detective heeds siren call of heavy dough and wishes he hadn't; casualties are numerous. Steps right along.

BUSHRANGER OF THE SKIES. *By Arthur W. Upfield. London House & Maxwell.* $3.50. Murder of two Australian stockmen, plus bombing (from the air, no less) of police sergeant, puts Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte on the trail again. Old Reliable scores once more in the old outback.

HOPJOY WAS HERE. *By Colin Watson. Walker.* $3.50. Who killed whom and how is problem posed in this semi-spoof suspenser in which British security and local cops are at unviolent odds; similes abound like pollen. Holds up in spite of all. —SERGEANT CUFF.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The Case of the Vanishing Museum

THE Cooper Union Museum for the Arts of Decoration, a scholarly New York landmark not given to the extravagant promotions widely practiced these days, has recently become the focus for a dramatic pitched battle. Its predicament, a symptom of America's growing mania for monolithic cultural concentrations, should serve as a warning to museums throughout the country. If the philosophy of multimillion-dollar centers for performing and other arts tends to jeopardize highly useful smaller institutions, then the time has come for drastic action.

The bombshell that exploded at Cooper Union last June was couched in gentle language. A press release quoting the institution's president stated that "the Trustees and administration had for some time been evaluating the museum's relationship to Cooper Union's educational program and its role in the cultural life of New York City. It appears evident that both Cooper Union and the people of New York would be best served by the discontinuance of the museum and the relocation of its collections."

But the people of New York didn't think so. A Committee to Save Cooper Union Museum, composed of distinguished citizens from all professions and creeds, sprang up virtually overnight. This group, now numbering well over 200, has offered to take full responsibility for the museum—to organize necessary fund-raising, to be completely accountable for administration, planning, and maintenance. Let us hope the present trustees (there are only four), who find the museum too costly and cumbersome to retain as an integral part of Cooper Union's educational program, will accept this plan rather than dissipate approximately 100,000 objects that add up to one of the country's finest collections of decorative arts. (Cooper Union is the only museum in America devoted exclusively to the arts of historic and contemporary design.)

Specialists and students have long relied on Cooper Union's peerless textile and wallpaper collections, on its splendid examples of metalwork, glass, porcelain, furniture, architectural and decorative drawings, and its correlated library. In addition, a small but devoted staff has always found time to consult patiently with visitors who need specific help. Cooper Union, above all, is a study museum. To divide and reapportion its interrelated, interlocking collections would without question emasculate their effectiveness.

The press release went on to say, "The Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have agreed to have its staff cooperate with that of Cooper Union in studying the possibilities of relocating the collection." This ominous statement, combined with subsequent events, gave rise to speculation that the larger institution might be bent on more than merely an unbiased study; indeed, that it might be considering some of Cooper Union's choicest morsels for its own collections. One questions why the trustees of Cooper Union appealed for detailed evaluation only to the staff of the Metropolitan Museum. How much wiser to have called in disinterested scholars who had nothing to gain from their research.

There are other urgent questions not alone related to Cooper Union's present dilemma but to American art museums in general:

1. How much do the trustees of Cooper Union know about their museum? How much time have they spent with its curators and collections? Have they conferred at length with designers and experts who use the museum and are served by its curators? How much financial support have the trustees given the museum? How much time have they spent soliciting needed funds for it? These, it seems to me, are legitimate questions in light of potential plans to disperse a collection that has enriched the public for considerably more than half a century. At the risk of repeating myself *ad nauseam*, I once again urge that art museum trustees subject themselves to training courses in preparation for handling the problems of their individual organizations. To be rich, prominent, and public-spirited is not enough to justify a trusteeship. Training courses might also discourage overlapping directorates, a disease rampant today in cultural institutions. Serving on multiple boards could prove awkwardly time-consuming if each appointment were to require serious preliminary study. The chairman of Cooper Union's trustees is also (uncomfortably for him at this moment) a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum and of four other important art and music organizations in New York. He would have to be a superman to per-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CONfused?

"While CONfined at Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus," writes Don Long, "I compiled this list of words each of which includes the letter combination CON. If your readers CONcentrate they might furnish the missing letters without using their lexiCONS." Answers on page 77.

1. ___ CON	watchtower
2. __ CON ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	watches expenses
3. ___ CON	hawk
4. __ CON ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	attacks beliefs
5. ___ CON	church worker
6. ___ CON	boaster
7. ___ CON ___ ___ ___ ___	interpret wrongly
8. CON ___ ___	disapprove
9. ___ CON ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	rebel
10. ___ CON __	depart clandestinely
11. __ CON ___ ___ ___ ___	unaware
12. ___ CON	inexpensive stone
13. ___ CON ___ ___ ___ ___	excessively self-assured
14. __ CON ___ ___ ___ ___	observe or scout
15. __ CON ___ ___ ___	storyteller

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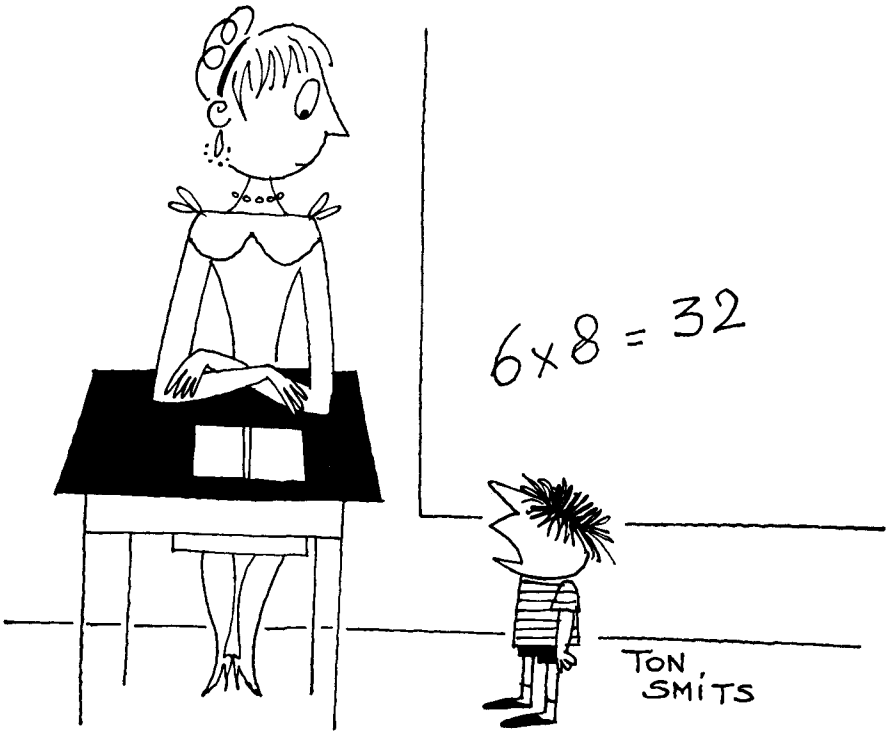
form wisely and impartially for six complex institutions while at the same time pursuing his own private affairs.

2. Are we to judge a museum's value by the quantity or the quality of its attendance? Both, to be sure, are imporant, but we tend to overlook the latter in favor of sheer numbers, numbers that are sometimes meaningless digits in publicity campaigns. Too many trustees judge the usefulness of their institutions by attendance figures that have not been adequately interpreted. Recently, the renowned architect Walter Gropius said, "Instead of striving for leadership through moral initiative, modern man has developed a kind of Gallup poll mentality, a mechanistic conception of relying on quantity instead of quality and yielding to expediency instead of building a new faith."

3. Why does an educational institution including an art school consider disbanding a museum of inestimable value to its students? If, as the president of Cooper Union claims, the collections are no longer used by the art department, perhaps a study of the school rather than the museum is in order. Most colleges and universities are hungry for authentic original material both as teaching aids and as refreshment for the spirit. Not long ago a cryptic note was tacked on the student bulletin board at Cooper Union. It said, "Why are the students asked for their support to build a student union when their letters of request for the preservation of the museum are ignored?"

4. What guarantee protects other small specialized institutions from comparable engulfment by powerful neighbors? Is it too much to hope that our giant museums will eventually become champions of individualism? Today they sometimes seem closer to monopolistic marauders. Do we want all our art experiences centralized under one vast canopy? For me, it is neither sentimental nor perverse to yearn for occasional low-pressure areas where the contemplation of art is an intimate affair.

5. And, last, what have art museums as an organized group done about the crisis at Cooper Union? True, certain influential curators and directors (relatively few, I am sorry to say) have joined the Committee to Save Cooper Union, but they are participating solely as individuals. True, toward the end of September rumors spread that the American Association of Museums was about to take some positive action at its regular board meeting, but by that time more than three months had elapsed since the initial shocking announcement. I repeat a favorite plea of mine when I urge trained art museum personnel to join together and form a stronger organization than any existent today, an organization that will fearlessly demand a voice in protecting the public, the rights of professional staffs, and the security of our institutions. Were it not for a group of alert New York citizens, a unique museum might have dissolved with scarcely a ripple. I doubt whether any American city save New York could have mustered so impressive a committee or such wide exposure from the press. Elsewhere in the United States, museum trustees often control local newspapers, a situation not always favorable to the original wishes of Peter Cooper, founder of Cooper Union, who in a letter to his trustees once wrote, "It is my desire that editors may at all times have correct information in relation to all matters in any way connected with this institution." —KATHARINE KUH.



"You mean all your teaching didn't do any good?"

In November Don't Miss:

Masters of Landscape: East and West at the Rochester Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester, New York. Landscapes of Eastern and Western civilizations from the eleventh to the present century have been borrowed from outstanding American private and public collections.

Master Drawings of the Art Institute of Chicago at the Wildenstein Galleries, New York. A comprehensive view of a splendid museum collection ranging from the fifteenth through the twentieth centuries, with particular emphasis on French drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Turner Watercolors at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. Eighty fine examples by one of the two greatest watercolorists of all times have been lent by the British Museum and will subsequently travel widely in the United States.

Style, Truth, and the Portrait at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Spanning four centuries from Titian to Degas, the exhibition features almost 100 portraits from thirty-five important European and American collections. The show constitutes a history of man's changing attitude toward himself. Closes November 10.

Terms of Criticism at the Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Massachusetts. An exhibition clarifying critical terms by illustrating them with specific works of art, a much-needed show in this day of fatuous art vocabularies.

Joseph Stella Retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. About 100 works, covering all phases of this painter's career from 1900 until his death in 1946, stress his contribution as America's outstanding Futurist.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

From the School at Lodz

ROMAN POLANSKI is a thirty-year-old Polish director whose *Knife in the Water* is what might be called a fashionable film. That is to say, he has involved two men and a young woman in an isolated situation, given it overtones of violence and sex, and has left the conclusion hanging more or less in mid-air. It is the kind of movie that today's knowledgeable younger directors regard as expressive of the problems of their generation, in that it shows their rebellious frustration, their acceptance of love as eroticism, their bleak view of organized society as leading toward a blind, purposeless future. If such a movie had been made in France or Italy it would have caused little surprise. But since it came from Poland, few of whose film products manage to reach us, we must take account of how and why it was made.

Polanski is, or was, a member of one of eight film units working under the general direction of the Polish National Film Academy at Lodz. He had directed several short films, among them the surrealistic and highly praised *Two Men and a Wardrobe*, and had worked in several capacities on feature films. As a talented member of his unit he was expected to submit an idea for a feature film to the head of the unit. He suggested, in outline form, the idea for *Knife in the Water*, which, in brief, is a story of a comfortably married and well-off Polish couple who give a lift to a young hitchhiker and then decide to take him along on their day's sailing outing. During the day the private weaknesses and despairs of all three emerge, and under rather strange circumstances the wife is unfaithful to her husband with the young man.

At a weekly meeting held by the heads of the eight units, the various ideas submitted by candidates for directorships were discussed, and Polanski's was next taken to a joint meeting with a film committee from the Polish Ministry of Culture. A go-ahead was given to Polanski's project. He selected two screen writers to work with him on a shooting script and, when this was approved, he was given a budget and was allowed to select a production group from within his unit, which then proceeded to make the film. One might think that some propagandistic ideas might be incorporated into his story, with all those officials having to rule on it, but the advice given him was, he said, largely of "an esthetic nature."

As a five-year member of the school, Polanski received a monthly salary. Once given a film to direct, he received an additional payment. He was further rewarded, on the basis of quality and commercial success, by three years of royalty payments from the box-office proceeds in Poland. All funds from foreign sale of the film revert to Film Polski, the government distribution organization. The remarkable thing about this bureaucratic method of film production is that, in Polanski's case, it has allowed for a motion picture of personal expressiveness. Other directors, such as Andrzej Wajda and Jerzy Kawalerowicz (*Ashes and Diamonds*, and *Mother Joan of the Angels*, respectively), have worked with similar freedom.

HOW good is *Knife in the Water*? For one thing, in almost all technical respects, it is accomplished. The photography is clean, often quite beautiful in itself, and the film is edited superbly. The story line is developed with economy, its intriguing nature maintained throughout. The weakness is not so much in structure as in the almost too polished surface, in its very fashionableness. What purports to be real, and indeed seems real, is actually a melodrama that takes place on the water, a too pat conflict between a mature man and a young man, each attempting to establish his symbolic potency, with a knife carried by the young man as the

somewhat too obvious physical symbol. Polanski's direction of the actors in first-rate. At the heart of his steamy triangle is the good-looking, underclothed Jolanta Umecka, who, it turns out, is not an actress by profession, but a pretty music student, discovered by Polanski, in most typical Hollywood style, at a swimming pool. Leon Niemczyk, who plays the husband, is a professional, and the young man, Zygmunt Malanowicz, was an acting student. They are the only members of the cast, and they are all that are needed. If *Knife in the Water* seems facile on the whole, it is also a clever, impressive first feature effort, a distinct credit to the fermenting atmosphere of the school at Lodz.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Proposal

(*Continued from page* 28)

union movement. One executive declares, "We have been forgetting the guy way down below, who is really getting kicked in the face. Nobody is doing anything about him except Hoffa." It happens that a great percentage of these "guys down below" are Negroes.

Nor does the Negro feel grateful to the educational system that presumably prepared him for a special trade, when he finds after leaving a vocational high school that he cannot pass the tests to quality for employment. He compares the obsolete equipment in his vocational school with that used on the outside. He also learns quickly that he has been the victim of obsolete methods of instruction. This experience, plus many others, underlines his distrust of almost all training programs. The Negro who is approached with an offer to retrain for some unseen job reacts with disinterest and cynicism.

A sociologist who has been studying Negro attitudes in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn offered me this conclusion: "I found little variation between Negroes in their feeling that the common explanations of unemployment are not real as far as Negroes are concerned. I found an alienation, a feeling that the country's unwillingness to get training programs off the ground was due to the fact that the 'wrong group' of people were unemployed. And I am finding, for the first time, a greater degree of unification among Negroes and more of a feeling of disassociation from the body politic than ever before. Sometimes this feeling also hits out at the traditional leadership of the Negro movement, especially if this leadership seems to have come about with white support."

There may be some argument as to how justified these attitudes of the unemployed Negro are. I happen to feel that there is some sophistication in their conclusions because, even though the economic reasoning may be unsound, there is an air of pragmatism in them. Groundless or not, the attitudes are there and they influence action. Perhaps some knowledge of these attitudes and the manner in which they are expressed even to a random interviewer would convince a few Congressmen that the Negro is not inclined to accept any excuses from a society that has left him jobless. He is not going to be permanently counted out of anybody's plans for a future America. Nor are the 40,000,000 or more whites who are also members of our steadily growing and integrated race of the poor. They have the numerical capacity to overturn the American establishment. Whether they will use their power remains to be seen.

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A Choice

(*Continued from page* 29)

rants in New York, places doing millions of dollars of business annually, I have been given to understand that absolutely no one was in charge. There was no one with the authority to let me in. Only to keep me out. Sometimes these contretemps have seemed funny, but I have come to know at first hand many of the evasions and discourtesies practiced on the American Negro in our society and, like James Baldwin, I have often found myself inside a restaurant, having won my entrée at such a cost in rage and humiliation, that I had lost my appetite.

My most frustrating encounter with the sight barrier was the search for gainful employment. I wanted to teach in college. I had graduated with honors and gone on for my M.A. and Ph.D. During my graduate work, I had the advantage of teaching two courses as a part-time instructor. Thanks to the G.I. Bill of Rights, the nation's colleges were overcrowded, understaffed, and desperately in need of qualified teachers. Yet despite the support of the Princeton faculty and the backing of family friends who recommended me to their colleges, despite my own letters requesting interviews and the trips I took whenever these were granted, the months dragged on without the shadow of an offer.

Meanwhile, fellow graduate students were finding jobs with relative ease. Surely I was just as good as they were. Or was I? And the demon of self-doubt had been planted. Perhaps, after all, the sight barrier was not to blame. Perhaps there was in my character or personality some unsuspected flaw, some defect or deformity that was obvious to everyone but me.

To admit that you are no better than other men is simple modesty. To admit that you are worse than they are, an inferior creature, a second-rate human being, is self-degradation. And yet this is what the color barrier demands of millions of American Negroes every day of their lives. The true evil of segregation is not external, but internal. It is the corrosive self-doubt that poisons the will, the gnawing sense of inferiority that eats at the soul. As Baldwin points out, the overriding horror of the present system is that it is teaching millions of Negro children to disrespect their parents and despise themselves.

It is time to confess that I have been using my experience of blindness as an attention-getter. There is truth in the analogy of the blind man and the American Negro, but it is less than the whole truth. Until I read James Baldwin, I really believed my blindness had equipped me to understand the problems of the American Negro from the inside. I know now I had barely glimpsed them.

Imagine yourself on the street of an average American town. You pass an average American boy, the type of healthy happy kid Norman Rockwell puts on magazine covers. When he is gone, there is a puff of smoke and Satan appears.

"Tomorrow morning," he announces, "I have arranged that that boy will wake up either totally blind or a Negro. The decision is up to you. Which will it be? Black or blind?"

How would you answer? Blindness is a confining handicap, but it would not confine the boy to life in the Negro ghettoes that are the shame of our cities, North and South. If he had a Seeing Eye dog, he would occasionally be excluded from restaurants or theatres, but he would be excluded for his dog, not for his skin. In blindness, he would know moments of humiliating helplessness, but not so bitter as the practice of Jim Crow, the loss of civil rights, or the experience of police brutality Baldwin describes, not in the South, but in New York City. Blindness would complicate his marriage, but it would not expose his sighted wife to social ostracism. Finally, blindness would not cost him the respect of his children and would not be passed on to them as a badge of shame and a cause of self-hate.

Yet blindness is a genuine handicap. Blackness is not. The blind man has lost an important sense. The Negro has all his faculties. The handicap of blindness is intrinsic. The handicap of blackness comes from the outside, imposed by force or the threat of force. The handicap of the American Negro has been the American white.

It is painful to admit. It is painful to recall that the man who thundered, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" himself owned slaves; that every American President from George Washington down to and including Abraham Lincoln swore an oath of office to defend a Constitution that permitted involuntary servitude; and that the stirring portrait of our country as "a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" is manifestly false. Were these national heroes hypocrites?

The answer requires a longer view of history. James Harvey Robinson put it strikingly in *The Mind in the Making*. Imagine that half a million years of human history had been lived in fifty years by a single generation. They would have spent the first forty-nine years as wandering hunters before they learned to till the soil. Six months later, or half way through the fiftieth year, a few of them would have invented writing. They would have known Christianity for about two months and the printing press for about two weeks. All the technological and scientific advances of the Industrial Revolution would have come in the past ten days, and within a few hours of inventing the airplane and submarine, the hypothetical generation would have applied them to a magnificent world war. "But this is not so strange, for only a week ago they were burning and burying alive those who differed from the ruling party in regard to salvation, eviscerating in public those who had new ideas of government, and hanging old women who were accused of traffic with the devil. All of them had been no better than vagrant savages a year before." In short, institutions and traditions that would have seemed eternal verities only a few days or weeks ago now seem "only the inevitable misunderstandings of a savage."

Slavery and its legacy of racial segregation belong to this category, but we can admit our forefathers' failings in this field without denying their enlightenment in others. They were the victims of their history then, just as we all, Negro and white, are the victims of our history now. The Negro Americans have been wronged, and they have a right to protest it. The white Americans have done wrong, and they have a duty to admit it. But it is of the greatest importance that neither group yield up its judgment and its sanity in the emotionalism of outraged indignation or self-condemnation. We will have lost the value of awakening to the enormity of racial injustice, if we then dissipate our energies in an orgy of self-righteousness or self-recrimination.

Neither today's whites nor today's Negroes invented slavery. It is no more my fault that James Baldwin's great-grandparents were slaves and mine were free than it is his fault that I am blind, and he can see. We cannot change the past, but we can try to think and act clearly and courageously with the aim of improving the future. The problem is infinitely complex, but having seen the evil, we have no choice but to seek to correct it. Meanwhile, we can look forward to a day when, if Satan appears with the question "Blind or black?" we can laugh in his face, for by then we will know that in America, it is no longer a handicap to be black.

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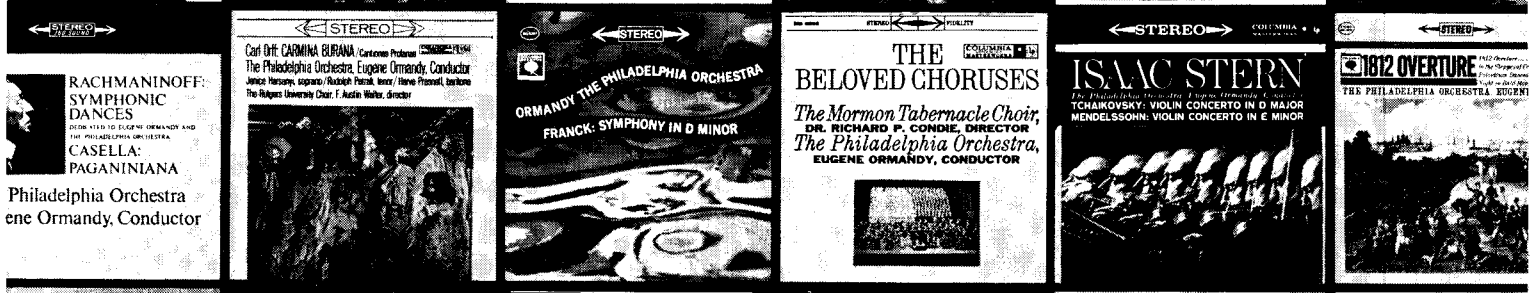

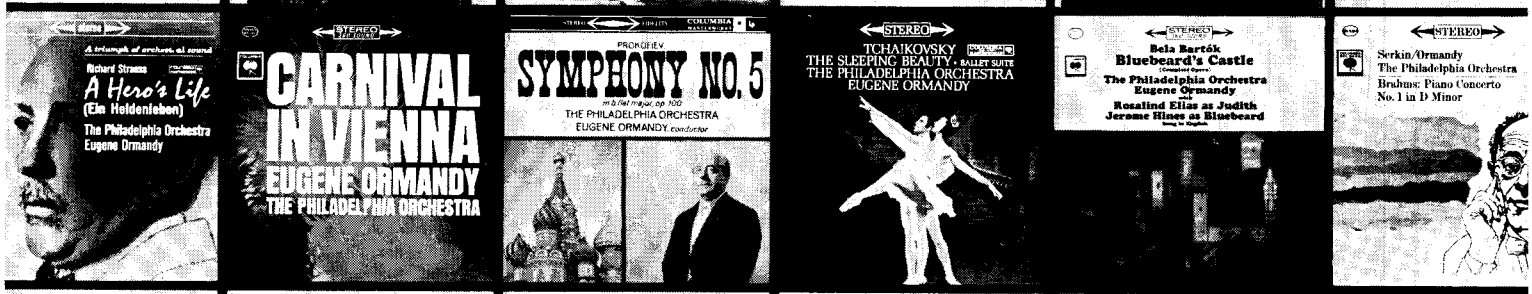

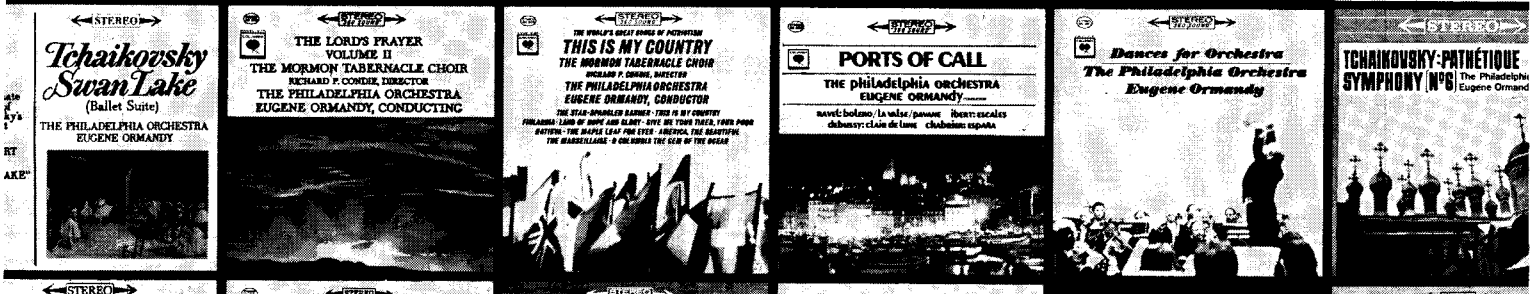

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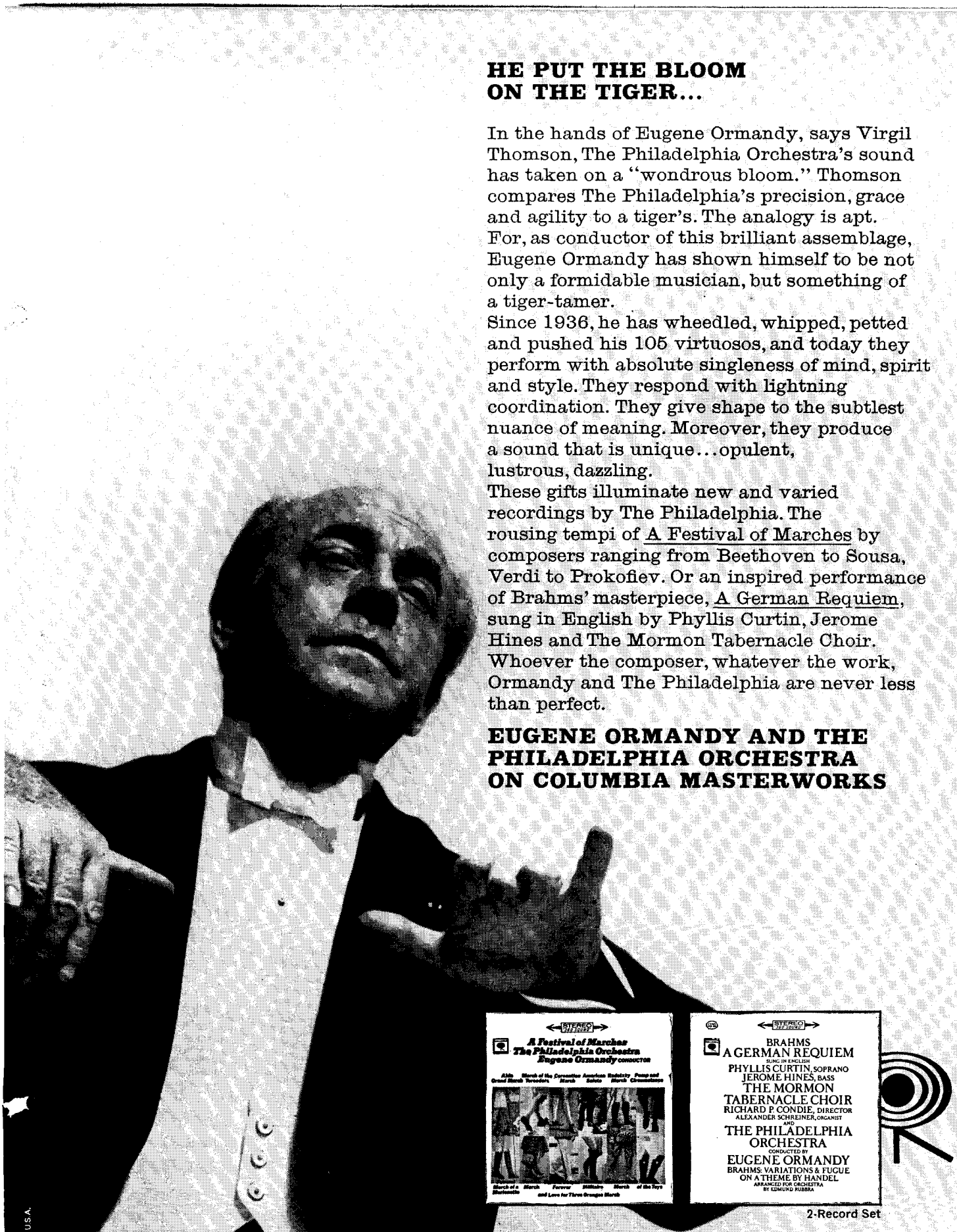

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bing's Second *Aida*—Moross Minstrel—Fliere

RUDOLF BING'S second *Aïda* has given the Metropolitan's public more of an Egyptian spectacular than it has seen for some time, but it is Georg Solti's first opportunity as conductor of it here that makes the score much more of a Verdian pleasure than it has been for even longer. Unlike the prior production of Rolf Gerard, which was spare and sun-streaked, Robert O'Hearn's is spacious and decidedly imperial. Unlike most *Aïda* conductors of recent times, Solti has the conviction that Verdi knew just what he wanted when he wrote this score, so that even Carlo Bergonzi as Radames is singing a soft B-flat at the end of "Celeste Aïda" (well, anyway, softer).

In both cases it is a grateful return to basic precepts that has eliminated some recent "innovations" that flaunted the intent as well as the letter of Verdi's purpose. Scenically, it is the return of the statue of Osiris to the rear of the stage in the Temple Scene, the restoration of the King and Amneris to the same level in the Triumphal Scene, and the presence along the Nile of palm trees and other appropriate vegetation. Musically, it is the observation of the dynamics, phrasing, and color values of the orchestral score at a likeness of their proper proportions. As this is the kind of refinement that is possible in a repertory theatre only under conditions of a new production, one must add the ears to the ayes of assent for the generosity of the American Export and Isbrandtsen Lines in underwriting the cost ($135,000) of this sizable venture. Such a precedent should go far in encouraging other corporate interests to do likewise.

It would be a mistake to assume from the foregoing that this new *Aïda* is, scenically and musically, merely a triumph of literalness. Again aided by Nathaniel Merrill as stage director, O'Hearn has put to profitable use the experience derived from the designing of his fine *Meistersinger* of last season to make both *Aïdas*—the public and the private—of Verdi's creation feasible on the Metropolitan's primitive stage. For the massive ensembles of the first act and the Triumphal Scene he has utilized staircases and penetrable drops to facilitate traffic in and around the points of action. His pillars for the first scene, receding into the limitless distance, and his huge gate for the square in Thebes make fine use of the vertical rise of the theatre's proscenium. For the other, more private *Aïda* of Amneris's boudoir, the banks of the Nile and the double-level tomb, he has reduced the frame appropriately.

This kind of practical imagination has contributed to the solution of the musical problem by providing space for the choral groupings, areas for the dancers to perform without interference by the singers, and props for use by the principals when it is duet or trio time. As, for example, in the Nile Scene, in which Amonasro has a place of concealment not provided for him in the bygone arrangement, from which he can eavesdrop as the plot requires. This may seem the merest common sense, but that property is no more unvarying in stage design than elsewhere. O'Hearn's costuming goes beyond visual attractiveness and solidly varied splendor to anticipate the unfortunate fact of operatic life that tenors, as well as sopranos and mezzos, come in all sizes and shapes. The gowns and robes he has provided are much more adaptable to this seamier side of opera than tight-fitting garments previously in vogue.

For this season's opening performance (which cost its attendants more than $100,000), the cast was decidedly less splendid than the surroundings, of a median physical displacement and of rather the same disposition vocally. Carlo Bergonzi sings much of the music of Radames better, probably, than any other tenor of our time, especially that part of it which includes "Celeste Aïda" (a reverie, for once, rather than merely a bid for applause). But there is almost as much of it which he can hardly get into at all: the big sound for the Triumphal Scene, the trumpeting outcry for the Nile Scene, everything, in short, that is not lyric. The more's the pity that he was contesting for audibility with Birgit Nilsson, who must be the loudest Aïda on either side of the Alps.

This is not a result of indifference to the musical values of the part, for she shades it faithfully, in her fashion. However, when all around her are producing at maximum, it is understandable that she does likewise—only with her it is double anybody else. Alone, as in "Ritorna vincitor" and "O patria mia," she performed like the artist she is (despite, it is said, a sleepless night before the opening induced by a gall-bladder attack), but there is no disguising which side of the Alps it is that she comes from. Italianate warmth is not in her line, for all the good will she expends to simulate it. In the circumstances, it would have been better to pair volume to volume with Corelli and Nilsson—or suavity to suavity with Bergonzi and Price. But it wasn't so.

Of the others, the soundest all-round singing was done by Giorgio Tozzi, a High Priest of song as well as of the temple. Irene Dalis as Amneris and Mario Sereni as Amonasro have a similar tendency to reduce principal roles to supporting ones, a consequence of ordinary vocal equipment paired with less than compelling dramatic impulses. When (and let us hope it is not too long from now) the casting department provides a complement of singers to match the splendor of the surroundings, this *Aïda* could be as good to hear as it is to see—assuming Solti is still here to keep it in order musically.

Earlier mention of the dancing should alert the Metropolitan-wise reader to a realization that it is somewhat more mentionable than this theatre's *Aïda* has been for some time. This is a tribute to the participation as choreographer of Katherine Dunham, who has made her first affiliation with opera here a memorable one. How much of the action in the Temple of Vulcan, in the Boudoir and Triumphal scenes is ethnically accurate may be left for others to judge. But it is varied and attractive and interesting, and does no violence to the music with which it is paired.

I wouldn't pretend to know what the symbolism of the temple dance was (sacrificial, no doubt), and there were moments when it seemed that Amneris was being entertained by something suspiciously akin to truckin'. The Egyptians, however, were resourceful people when it came to water wheels and measurements of time, and it is quite possible that they knew such dances even before they appeared in Harlem. As for the Triumphal Scene, it was clear that Miss Dunham had in mind tribal participation from the far-flung corners of Imperial Egypt, which, by courtesy, included Little Egypt as well.

As *Aïda* is long and favorably known as an opera with something for everyone, the O'Hearn-Merrill production should be well and productively used by the time the removal to Lincoln Center decrees a successor. One might give a thought then to the interest of the animal lovers, for the only animals in attendance at this *Aïda* are the long-eared kind immortalized by Saint-Saëns in his *Carnival des animaux* (critics).

Nothing quite like *Gentlemen Be Seated* has been seen at the New York City Center—or elsewhere, for that

(*Continued on page 77*)

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Herbert von Karajan (left) at a mixing panel with Otto Gerdes, DGG's recordings' director.

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CONVERSATION WITH VON KARAJAN

By HERBERT PENDERGAST

THE FOLLOWING conversation with Herbert von Karajan occurred in Berlin this spring. It took place during various intermissions in Mr. von Karajan's rehearsals with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. The program he was preparing consisted of Bach's *Magnificat in D* and Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

Composers and Their Music

Q. We know of your interest in baroque music from the number of baroque composers featured in your programs—Handel, Corelli, Locatelli, Geminiani, and, of course, Bach, whose *Magnificat* you are now rehearsing. What general criteria govern your performances of baroque music?

A. First of all, the knowledge derived from a study of baroque tradition. We know, for example, that the composers of that time were very much freer than today. Much of their music is now performed as if the notes were unalterable when actually they were the result, frequently, of free improvisation. In addition, I go back to the original scores in preparing baroque works, whenever possible. For Bach this is the edition we now have in Germany, with only the bare notes and without all of the corrections and additions by later musicians who tried to decide where the dynamics should be placed. Finally, as a practical matter, I place enormous importance on the continuo. When I hear this music played with a cembalo continuo, which you see but do not hear, it becomes for me completely academic and uninteresting.

Q. Do you approve of orchestral transcriptions of baroque music for solo instruments—for example, the Stokowski transcriptions of Bach's organ works?

A. I do not like this practice at all. Such transcriptions turn Bach's organ music into orchestral showpieces. The less one tampers with Bach, the greater his music becomes. If a good musician studies the original bare notes, the proper tempi and dynamics will come to him as a natural expression of the music; and he will find it quite unnecessary to over-amplify the original sound.

Q. It is a frequent practice today to more or less reorchestrate the symphonic works of Schumann when performing them. Do you do this?

A. No, I use the normal orchestral score. It is true, of course, that most of his works for orchestra sound as if they had been composed for the piano. As an orchestrator, Schumann frequently broke up the rhythmic continuity of his music with choppy passages for the strings. I am cognizant of the many passages which require re-balancing, and this I have no hesitation in doing. If Schumann's scores were played without this re-balancing, they would sound very muddy.

Q. Your interest in modern music has led you to introduce to Berlin audiences new works by Stravinsky, Martin, Fortner, Blacher, Messiaen, Shostakovich, Milhaud, Liebermann and Henze. The *Antigone* by Henze created something very rare in Berlin audiences—a scandal. Would you care to comment on this music?

A. The Henze work is fascinating. In it he has found a means of expression which is completely new. The orchestra enjoyed it very much because it was an unusual challenge. One difficulty which arises in listening to the work is

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that Henze has occasionally misjudged the timbres of the instruments he employs and the musical line becomes difficult to follow. I will perform this work again with the Berlin Philharmonic for the *Musica Viva* series in Munich this year.

Q. Do you believe that there is a danger that modern music has become so complicated and difficult to assimilate that the composer could easily become completely separated from his audience?

A. One difficulty which prevents audiences from adapting more readily to modern music is that the technical demands and expense in performing many of the works preclude frequent performances in the concert hall. For example, Stockhausen's *Gruppen* for three orchestras would cost about $25,000 to perform. For this reason, many modern composers depend completely on commissions and radio stations for their support—not concert audiences. I think it is a help to audiences if you balance something unfamiliar against something which they know very well. I always try to balance my programs in this way: if each work has something to say, it will gain from association with the others.

Q. Do you think that the music of composers like Boulez and Webern will be easily understood by the general musical public of the next generation?

A. I am quite certain that the next generation will have no problem in understanding most of the music of today. Think of the Bartók Concerto for Orchestra. Twenty years ago it was considered inaccessible; today it is a classic. Think of the more difficult Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta. When we perform it today, it sounds like a concerto grosso of Handel. With the decline of melodic inspiration in music, the serial techniques of today are a necessary self-imposed discipline for the composer. . . .

Q. And those who listen to this music must impose upon themselves a discipline as great!

A. One is not born with an understanding of Beethoven, either!

Q. Do you personally like all of the new works which you conduct?

A. Yes, otherwise I would never perform them. I do not believe in conducting music one doesn't feel simply to give it a hearing. If I respond to a new work, I may live with it some time before I will perform it, however. The Schoenberg *Variations for Orchestra* I studied for years before I conducted them. As for even *Le Sacre du Printemps* which I performed recently in Vienna and am rehearsing now—I have been ten years making up my mind to perform this work!

Q. In a work such as *Le Sacre du Printemps* is it a help to you to study the composer's own recording of the music?

A. Yes, of course, although we see by following this recording with the score where Stravinsky sometimes fails to observe his own markings! Is Stravinsky happy with his recording? I don't know. What I have had to do is to study the score and to decide for myself how successful Stravinsky has been as a conductor in realizing the meaning of the music. In this particular work, one thing is clear to me: we must avoid the "tyranny of the bar line" and treat the rhythms organically.

Accoustics

Q. The Musikvereinssaal in Vienna where you performed this same *Le Sacre du Printemps* has completely different accoustical properties from the Hochschule für Musik-saal here in Berlin. Do you make any effort to adjust your dynamics when performing the same work in different halls?

A. No. This work, for instance, I will play with all possible force and power. If the hall here can take it, so much the better. Because of the endless number of halls this orchestra has performed in, it is an interesting phenomenon that the Berlin Philharmonic is able to adjust the dynamics of its playing automatically in any auditorium. Even if the orchestra were to play in an unknown hall, it would take the musicians only a minute: when they tune their instruments, they already know what the sound is going to be like.

Ballet and Opera

Q. If you were to conduct *Le Sacre du Printemps* as a ballet, would your tempi be different?

A. No, they would not. Someday I must do it as a ballet. Last year I saw the Brussels production at Salzburg. My scenic conception would be completely different from this—stark, primitive, like the paintings of 2,000 years ago in the caves at Lascaux.

Q. Do you have definite ideas for staging every opera you conduct?

A. No. I would not try to stage an opera with a milieu like *La Bohème* or *La Traviata*. There are plenty of directors who can do this sort of thing marvelously. When the staging becomes an important part of the dynamics of the music, however, I must stage it myself because I have never been able to find anyone who can realize my conceptions. The scenic backdrop "à la Diaghilev" which remains static throughout the production is a dead concept in operatic staging. The world of *Tristan* changes from minute to minute and the staging must reflect this. In *Otello* the staging, by some sort of striking simplicity, must be in absolute conformity with the changing moods of the music. My new production of *Il Trovatore* at Salzburg last year is something else, however. Here the plot of the opera is complete nonsense. There is only the projection by the music of basic human emotions—love, hate, jealousy, revenge, and so on. The staging also must project these emotions and that is what I tried to achieve in this production.

Q. What do you think of Wieland Wagner's concepts of operatic staging?

A. I have not followed his work. Normally we never come together because I am in Salzburg while he is at Bayreuth.

Q. Do you believe that opera must always be performed in the original language?

A. Absolutely. A translation of the libretto destroys the special relationship between the words and the music. As for those in the opera houses who claim to follow every word, most of the words in their own language are lost to them: the orchestra and chorus blank them out for a good part of the time and for the rest of the time, the enunciation of the singers is so poor that almost no one can understand them. And finally, most opera libretti are nonsense to begin with. Can we improve them through translations?

Q. Strauss thought that it was very important for some of his operas to be performed in the language of the audience. . . .

A. To my knowledge, this was never done with great success. The ideal is to have the language of the singers the same as that of the composer. Even a good singer must sing a role forty or fifty times to really understand it. How many times do you think *Der Rosenkavalier* would be sung in Italian at La Scala? How much better for the audience to learn the language of the opera!

Q. Strauss once likened the role of a great opera house to that of an art gallery where one could hear the greatest operatic masterpieces in permanent exhibition with the greatest singers and conductors. Is this your ideal as Artistic Director of the Vienna Opera?

A. Yes, of course, this is my ideal. The difficulty is that now it is impossible to fulfill this concept in any opera house. The idea of the operatic ensem-

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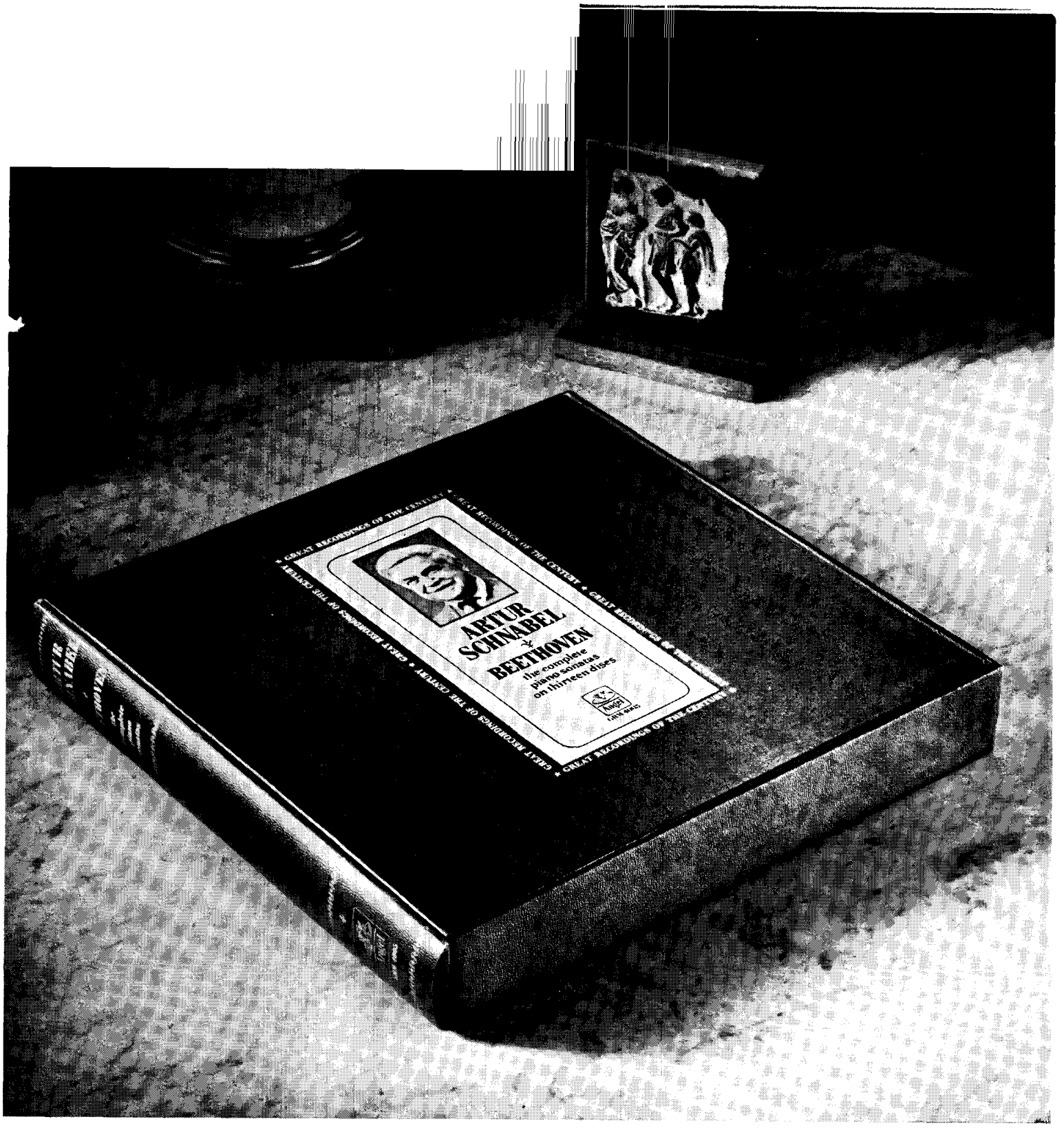

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ble is dead. It is a mark of our times that everybody—opera directors, singers, the man in the audience—wants everything. The man in the audience has heard the great singers on TV and records and feels that he is entitled to hear them also in his opera house. If an ordinary singer performs at the Vienna Opera, he is criticized so badly that he doesn't dare come back. The problem is that there are not enough of the great singers to satisfy the audiences in San Francisco, Hamburg, London, New York, Milan, Berlin, Chicago, Vienna and so on. How many are there? Only three or four first-class voices of each type, and these singers feel that they must stay in circulation by hurrying from one opera house to the next. As for the opera directors, they compete against each other as if at an auction by offering the singers more and more money to keep them a few weeks longer. With these difficulties, imagine what it is like trying to plan a good opera season between October and April. My solution was a proposal to pool the first-rate talent in every field of opera production so that the same singers, conductors and scenery for a given opera could first be properly integrated and then shifted from one great opera house to the next, insuring audiences of the best possible performances. My God, the cry that was raised over this in some quarters! I wanted to be *Generalmusikdirektor* of the World. I wanted to control a world-wide cartel on opera production. Finally, I had to give up this idea. It cannot be done. And so opera directors—let them remain nameless—will continue to pay an enormous amount of money for a few top singers and will feature them in opera productions with under-rehearsed orchestras, costumes which do not even fit and with scenery which violates every characteristic of the music.

Recordings

Q. What is your attitude towards making recordings?

A. Nothing for me is so exhausting as making records. I may rehearse with the orchestra for a concert for six hours before stopping and still I am not greatly fatigued. But in a recording you must stop and start continuously. In a way I always feel as if I am freezing when I record, whereas in the concert hall I am warm. On the other hand, recordings have accomplished some remarkable things. In the old days when I was a young conductor, the ensemble and intonation of the provincial orchestras were very bad. Because the musicians often hadn't heard anything better than they were, they were quite content with their playing. With the advent of

(*Continued on page* 71)

Strauss, Krauss, and "Capriccio"

By ROBERT BREUER

As a prelude to next year's Strauss centenary, a part of the correspondence between the authors of Strauss's last opera, *Capriccio,* has just been published (Richard Strauss and Clemens Krauss: *Briefwechsel;* C. H. Beck, Munich). Selected and edited by the Swiss musicologist Willi Schuh, and by a Viennese physician and founder of the Clemens Krauss Archives, Götz Klaus Kende, the book's 180-odd letters, postcards, and telegrams constitute slightly over one-third of the authors' exchange of written communications that survived the hectic years from 1925 to 1949.

As stated in Dr. Schuh's preface, the editors quite intentionally disregarded all letters dealing with purely personal matters, and with repetitious and short-lived questions and answers. Yet by concentrating on what Schuh calls the "workshop correspondence," the book, although rounding out the series of the composer's correspondence with four of his noted librettists, is not on the same over-all level as Strauss's exchange with Hofmannsthal, Zweig, or Gregor. Part of the "action" took place during the Hitler era, the years of World War II, and the postwar period, so it is only fair to guess that, in spite of a statement to the contrary, certain considerations had to be taken.

For the greater part, one is tempted to assume, this had to be done for the sake of the conductor, who, during politically crucial years, was the director of the Vienna State Opera (1929-34) and the Berlin State Opera (1935-36), and the General Manager of the Munich Opera (1937-44). He worked briefly in Vienna again (from March to September 1945), but was not de-Nazified by the American occupation authorities in Germany until 1947. Holding such top positions, Krauss—although we have no reason to doubt his purely artistic objectives in pursuing a steadily rewarding musical career—must have been *persona grata* with the National Socialist Party's hierarchy and, as such, not given to disrespectful comments, at least not in written form.

Whether or not the omitted letters contained any seriously questionable remarks seems to be of secondary importance today. The fact remains that the correspondence is incomplete. Much that is missing—and there are some long chronological lapses—cannot easily be replaced even by sheer fantasy on the part of the reader. Even persons well familiar with Central European operatic life from the late Twenties through the Thirties and Forties will encounter difficulties in solving the various riddles concerning events and names not further outlined or explained in the footnotes.

There is, however, much of interest. First of all, the personal character of Strauss emerges here not as that of a timid, aging weakling who did not dare to speak up against the time's *Ungeist* and *Unkultur,* but as an initially bewildered and later enraged foe of a political system he was at a loss to comprehend.

With tongue in cheek and with the biting humor that befits a true son of the Bavarian soil, Strauss, who, as he had done in World War I, again shut himself up in his Garmisch-Partenkirchen country house, lashes out in an unmistakable manner against the barbarians who had forced "the Silent One" (*i.e.,* Stefan Zweig) into exile, who had banned the very name of the poet of his song *Frühlingsfeier,* Heinrich Heine ("I hope . . . in Spain the writer will not be called 'anonymous' "), who did not permit any German opera house to perform *The Silent Woman* ("I am quite content," he writes upon hearing this opera in Zurich in 1942, "if it will amuse you in Germany after my death . . ."), and who, in 1944, made him read and reread everything "from Plutarch to Ranke, from Shakespeare to Nestroy." To be sure, there were a few trivial matters—such as the lack of gasoline, the overcrowded railroad trains, the loss of a chauffeur and of a gardener who were called into the army—that troubled Strauss, a gentleman accustomed to a gentleman's way of life. But more jokingly than embittered, he credits the "great" and "heroic times" for all the stupid shortcomings he and his family had to endure.

Strauss's letters outnumber those of his partner. Yet the ratio of about 108 to 76 should not mislead us. Krauss's epistles, in general, are longer and touch more historical and dramaturgical ground than Strauss's light, sophisticated suggestions and replies.

The story of *Capriccio,* which consti-

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tutes the bulk of the correspondence, originated long before Strauss started discussing the topic with his conductor friend. It was Zweig who, early in 1934, informed Strauss that he had read Giovanni Battista Casti's *divertimento teatrale, Prima la musica e poi le parole* (which, with music by Antonio Salieri, was first performed in Vienna in 1786). Silenced by the Nazis, Zweig, the Jewish author, recommended Joseph Gregor as possibly the best choice among "Aryan" authors to satisfy the high literary commands of a composer used to such men as Wolzogen, Wilde, and Hofmannsthal. Gregor, although accomplishing the top-heavy libretti for *Friedenstag, Daphne,* and *Liebe der Danae,* failed utterly when asked to sketch a libretto outline based on Casti's play.

An amused and disappointed Strauss needled Gregor's unimaginative senses: "First the words, then the music—all right; but one could make several things out of the idea. For instance: first the words, then the music (Wagner); first the music, then the words (Verdi); only words, no music (Goethe); only music, no words (Mozart)—what variations do *you* have to suggest?" Gregor, baffled, labored harder than ever and, two months afterwards, came up with a more satisfying plot. "Now all depends on the dialogue you are going to write," Strauss sighingly encouraged him. Without avail. A fortnight passed and the composer, upon reading Gregor's high-flown verses, wrote: "I'm afraid you are becoming too poetical!" In the meantime, however, he had broached the idea of writing "something unusual"—"not directly an opera" but "a treatise on dramaturgy . . . a theatrical fugue"—to Krauss, who immediately caught the spark and came up with a detailed outline for the play, whose historical background, the Paris of 1770-89, he found "very well chosen" by Strauss.

A lifelong man of the theatre, who had previously advised Strauss regarding dramaturgical and staging problems in several of his operas, Krauss instinctively realized the proposed work's literary and musical possibilities. Both *Capriccio*'s scenario and text grew out out of long and painstaking communication between two men who found that there was more "rhyme" between them than that of their names.

Strauss—as before in *Intermezzo*—again proved to be his own zestful librettist, yet as more and more pages piled up on Krauss's Munich desk, the busy director-conductor had to find more and more time for correcting and carefully streamlining the composer's overflowing prose. With intuition, instinct, and intelligence seldom so perfectly blended in one man's artistic mind, it is not surprising that most of Krauss's well-founded suggestions were jubilantly accepted by Strauss. He now felt free to compose whatever part of the book Krauss, his "Beckmesser," his "dear baton," his "Goethe" had finished with polish and ardor. The opera's closing scene remained Strauss's design: "Isn't this D-flat major the best ending of my life work for the theatre? One can leave but one last will and testament!" Krauss, on the other hand, remained victorious by giving the work its name and subtitle ("A Conversation Piece for Music in One Act"). The rest of the *Capriccio* story is history: the triumphant first performance in Munich (October 28, 1942) was the fifth of a total of eight Strauss world premières conducted by Clemens Krauss.

STRAUSS spent the first postwar years, relieved to be a free man again, in Switzerland. Krauss, greatly beset by the uncertainty of his own future, lived in Salzburg. Two suggestions he rather despairingly submitted to the ailing composer were regretfully rejected for reasons of practical impossibility. Strauss could neither encourage his faithful friend's idea of founding a Switzerland-based *Strauss Seminary* nor encourage his belief that the International Red Cross's headquarters at Geneva might sponsor a Krauss-led world première of *Liebe der Danae.* (The opera, slated to be premièred at Salzburg in 1944, had been canceled after a now historic dress rehearsal, because the German Military High Command ordered all theatres to be closed. The work had to wait until 1952—three years after Strauss's death—for its first public performance.)

There is a final letter Krauss addressed to Strauss from London in May, 1949, that is of special interest. Wishing Strauss the best upon his return to Garmisch, Krauss feels happily that the composer, in his old environment, would quietly regain his old zest for composing a new work. And it is nothing else than an oratorio or, at least, a symphonic poem that is suggested by Krauss: "A small sketch, if you prefer, or a tiny little satire"—to be called *Noah's Ark* or *The Flood.* Krauss even sketches a brief scenario, glimpses, thoughts, Noah's dream vision of God; His command to build an ark; the march of the animals; dialogues between the elephant and the insects, the dog and the mouse, the ostrich (*Strauss* being the German word for this bird) and the "ever-critical frog" etc.; the start of the big rain; the Flood—atonal; the rainbow; the re-awakening of all creatures; Noah's thanksgiving; a choral finale—and, summarizing: "Since you are now slowly approaching Noah's age, the comparison is not far-fetched: you, too, have built an ark with your music, an ark, in which we can save all good spirits of our art from the onstorming flood of atonality."

This letter, apparently, remained unanswered. Strauss's life ended shortly afterwards—and realization of the idea of composing "something" based on either *Noah's Ark* or *The Flood* was left to Igor Stravinsky.

Victoria Ursuleac (center) with Richard Strauss (left) and Clemens Krauss (right) at the premier of *Capriccio* in Munich on October 28, 1942.

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Recordings in Review

Schoenberg, Volume II

SCHOENBERG: *Pelleas und Melisande; Verklärte Nacht; Prelude to Genesis Suite; Three Little Orchestra Pieces (1910); Variations for Orchestra, Op. 31. Robert Craft conducting the CBC Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia MS 6531, $5.98.

Whatever the future productions of the project titled *The Complete Schönberg*, it has to its credit the production of something that has long been lacking—a performance reproduced by contemporary sound techniques of the infrequently heard *Pelleas und Melisande* (to give it the title of the Universal-Edition score). A product of 1903, it follows the better-known *Verklärte Nacht* by four years and the relatively accessible *Gurrelieder* by one, though the latter was not orchestrated and performed until a decade later.

A special interest of *Pelleas* is that it was suggested as a subject to Schönberg by his senior colleague and benefactor, Richard Strauss. What this recording reveals—much more than the earlier, dim-sounding one of Manfred Zillig with the Frankfurt Radio Orchestra that circulated for a time on the Capitol label—is that Schönberg honored the older man not only in following his suggestion of a subject, but also in shaping his ideas in the manner of the tone poems for which Strauss was already world famous. This adds his name to those of Wagner and Brahms as the trinity of forces to whom Schönberg gave allegiance in his first thirty-five years. Beauties it has, but of a very much reflected sort.

Craft's treatment of this problem—and problem it is, if the performing forces fulfil the composer's specification for eight horns, four tenor and bass trombones, doubled pairs of flutes, oboes, bassoons, five clarinets, and sixty-four strings plus percussion—is greatly superior to Zillig's, but not as persuasive as the performance Dimitri Mitropoulos gave with the Philharmonic in the mid-Fifties. As in the case of the *Verklärte Nacht* (the expanded version for string orchestra), Craft's demands in pitch and balance in this relatively conservative music are not nearly as exacting as they are in the final side on which the late-early and early-late Schönberg are brought together.

For those who may be puzzled by the inclusion of the Variations, Opus 31, under Craft's direction, it may be confirmed that it is not the performance previously issued on ML 5244, but a newly recorded treatment. Together with the delicately scored *Genesis* music (1945) and the three rippling pieces of 1910, it reflects rather more credit on the CBC players than either of the longer works. The voices are those of the Festival Singers of Toronto.

Bach by Schweitzer

BACH: *Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Fantasia and Fugue in G minor ("the Great"), Fugue in G minor ("Little") and Preludes and Fugues in F minor, C and G. Albert Schweitzer, organ.* Angel, Great Recordings of the Century COLC-89, $5.98.

Is it possible, some might ask, that the Bach playing of Dr. Albert Schweitzer would be included in the *Great Recordings of the Century* series were he not also world-renowned for his humanitarian works? The answer is an unequivocal "Yes," for Schweitzer was celebrated as a Bach scholar even before he went to Lambaréné, and the combination of such scholarship with the amount of instrumental command he demonstrates in these recordings is by no means common.

But in any other context, to title these *Great Recordings of the Century* is to stretch the bonds of courtesy to the breaking point. Remarking on their qualities shortly after their original issue in the mid-1930s, the best words I could find for them were "thoughtful, sincere, and substantially uninteresting." Nothing much has changed since then, save that Schweitzer has come to command such a position in world affairs that the ability to produce these thoroughgoing but academic performances must seem even more an anomaly than it was twenty-five years ago.

By and large Schweitzer's tempi are equitable, with no inclination at all to anything like a virtuoso display of technique. Indeed, by the standard of some contemporary performers, his preference in speeds is almost ascetic. To this I have no objection at all; hearing every note of the fugue of the G minor ("Great") cleanly articulated is a pleasure. But it is no pleasure when the music plows on and on, page after page, work after work, with nary a variation of dynamics, a pervasive mezzo forte prevailing over all. What will doubtless surprise some to whom these records are a first-time experience is the sound of the organ at All Hallows Church, Barking-by-the-Tower, London. Far removed, of course, from the baroque organs in favor today, it was also much more appealing than the huge cathedral organs on which many other recordings were made in the Thirties. The reissue sounds vastly better than the original.

Robert Craft—"something that long has been lacking."

Including the *Humoresque*

TCHAIKOVSKY: *None but the Lonely Heart.* BRAHMS: *Hungarian Dance No. 5.* GERSHWIN: *Bess, You is My Woman Now.* RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Flight of the Bumble Bee.* FOSTER: *Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair.* KREISLER: *Liebesleid.* DVORAK: *Hu-*

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moresque. DEBUSSY: *Clair de Lune*. BENJAMIN: *Jamaican Rhumba*. SCHUBERT: *Ave Maria*. COPLAND: "Hoedown" (*Rodeo*), and *"Greensleeves." Isaac Stern, violin, with orchestra conducted by Milton Katims.* Columbia ML 5896, $4.98; MS 6496, $5.98.

It should surprise no one that Isaac Stern plays every one of these dozen short pieces with the devotion and care for detail that he applies to the great works of his literature from Bach to Bartók. He is that kind of artist. What will surprise some, however, is that along with the slashing attack and the high-powered violinistic mechanism for which he is celebrated, he combines a finicky sense of phrase, a command of simple melodic statement that makes *Greensleeves* as sophisticated listening as *Clair de Lune*.

By common consent, TV is a medium that beams a pitiless X-ray on the candor or guile of the politician who ventures to use it. In a similar way, the recording of such a short piece as *Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair* can tell more about a performer than playing an unaccompanied Bach fugue. What can be done with it? Well, it can be "improved upon," elaborated, embellished, and tricked out in other ways. Or it can be played with a loving sense of the artless thing it is, with a mental match of word for tone and sentiment for sentiment, as Stern does it here.

As for the *Liebesleid*, it is a kind of reverie for the departed spirit of the man who wrote it, not a "modernization" of Kreisler or a vain attempt to recapture his style or sound, for both were inimitable. But it is a connoisseur's delight as Stern improves the opportunity to make his instrument sing simply and without affectation. And so it goes through the list. Two other major credits are owing: to Arthur Harris (whose name I am ashamed to say was not previously known to me), for orchestral arrangements that solved the moot question of taste even before Stern put a bow to a string; and to Milton Katims, whose own background as a string player encourages the orchestra to share the foreground with Stern. Good recording.

A Trio of *Toscas*

PUCCINI: *"Tosca." Leontyne Price, Giuseppe di Stefano, Giuseppe Taddei, and Fernando Corena, with Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus.* RCA Victor L 4T Tape FTC 8007, $21.95.

There are two, or perhaps three, different performances of *Tosca* within the three disks or two reels of tape utilized for this reproduction. One is a painfully slow, discontinuous version of Act I, for whose shortcomings Karajan is in large part responsible; another is a forcefully musical, vigorously dramatic recreation of Act II, for whose impressive virtues he is no less to be congratulated; and the other is a peculiarly erratic Act III that vacillates between the characteristics of the other two.

It would be helpful to have some profoundly analytic comment which would point the cause for these fluctuations, relating perhaps to the nationality of the conductor (Austrian) and the composer (Italian). How, then, explain the rapport that prevails in Act II but not elsewhere? In my view, the first and third acts suffer from Karajan's lack of ease in the conversational style of Puccini's writings, its constant fluctuations of tempi, the need for the conductor to move ahead or slow down by imperceptible degrees, rather than by the ungraduated, abrupt changes of which he is guilty here. There is much less of this in Act II; rather, there is a steady progress to the (musical) climax of "Vissi d'arte," to which Karajan builds with a sure command of all the dramatic means Puccini has written into the score.

Amid the changing circumstances, the one element of consistent quality is the performance of Price as Tosca. She doesn't command the verbal nuances of Callas nor does she radiate as much of the haughty queen of the stage as Tebaldi, but she sings every note with loving care and a beautiful sense of line. It is a tribute to her ever-growing artistry that the sound itself is deftly modulated to provide for the amorous banter with Cavaradossi in Act I, or the broadly beseeching outpouring for "Vissi d'arte." This about exhausts the range of compliments that can be paid to the vocal distinctions in this set, for di Stefano's Cavaradossi is the archetype of the vain *primo tenore*, much more concerned about his arias than anything else, hanging on the top B of Act II as though he might never sing another, and struggling against years of hard vocal usage to make something like a beautiful sound. Taddei's Scarpia is dramatically valid, but there is not much sheen in this sound, either. A charming moment is provided by a singer identified as Herbert Weiss, who sings the shepherd's air of Act III (the score specifies a boy soprano).

There are many distinctions in Karajan's collaboration with the Vienna Philharmonic, especially in the "cantata" of Act II (much more of a total sound than is customary in the theater), in the introduction to Act III, and in the other instrumental interludes later on. But these provide reminders, merely, of how good a performance this could have been had Karajan's keen ear and artistic impulses been affiliated with an idiomatic sense of what Puccini is all about. The sound is what one has become accustomed to expect from RCA's Vienna ventures—but, unfortunately, so is the inclusion of arias from prior releases of Price and di Stefano as the last tape track.

"Obsolescent" Oistrakh

CHAUSSON: *Poème*. SAINT-SAENS: *Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch*. LECLAIR: *Sonata No. 3 in D*. LOCATELLI: *Sonata No. 1 in F minor. Oistrakh, violin, with Vladimir Yampolsky, piano*. RCA Victrola VICS 1058, $3.00.

To the casual eye the entry above suggests nothing else than a new release from RCA, perhaps in anticipation of Oistrakh's return to America this winter. Indeed, it is only by close examination of the entry that one might note the price as something less than customary for a stereo disc on this label. The difference, of course, is that *this* label is "Victrola," innovated to provide a distinctive identification for RCA in England, and domesticated to provide competition for such other low price reissues as Richmond, the Capitol "Paperbacks," etc.

As recording techniques have improved very little, if any, since the introduction of stereo, and this is, emphatically, a stereo recording first issued in 1956, the question might be: What, then, is there about it that is responsible for the lower price? Certainly there is no deterioration in the sound of Oistrakh since it first circulated; indeed, the performances of Chausson and Saint-Saëns might serve as his last word on these subjects (the Leclair and Locatelli sound equally well but are rather drab, interpretively).

The simple fact is that there is no apparent relationship between the price and the contents of the disc. I am all for the lowest possible price on records; but, I would emphasize, the lowest possible price on *all* records, not merely those marked for accelerated obsolescence. Are we going to have Victrola Heifetz records and Victrola Rubinstein, also? The public has a stake in knowing.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Barber: Concerto. Delius: Concerto. Robert Gerle, violin, with Robert Zeller conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WST 17045, $4.95.	The Hungarian-bred Gerle has both the tone and the temperament to make the most of the opportunities for melodic discourse provided in these two compatible works. He also has abundant technical command to deal equitably with the occasional challenges the works pose. Some may find cause for gratitude that neither work has been overexposed in concert hall performances, for it leaves that much freshness and interest for the home listener. Indeed, they make ideal variants from the round of more favored works. The total artistic value is substantially enhanced by the command and good judgment of Zeller's direction, adding to the esteem he has earned in this country primarily as a conductor of ballet. The list of virtues is multiplied by the fine balance of soloist and orchestra, and by the superior quality of the total sound.
Chopin: Concerto No. 2 in F minor. Falla: *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*. Clara Haskil, piano, with the Orchestra of the Concerts Lamoureux conducted by Igor Markevitch. Philips PHS 900-034, $4.98; stereo $5.98.	Though it would be an exaggeration to say that the late Haskil plays her Chopin and Falla as well as those who are distinguished for nothing else, it is improbable that any other who played Mozart as she did could have done as well with these works (always, of course, excepting Artur Rubinstein). So pervasive was her musical feeling and so responsible her artistry that Haskil brought something of distinction to everything she touched. In the Falla, for example, it is a sense of the guitar derivation of some of his most characeristic figurations that gives her performance a special vitality of its own. In the Chopin, it is the propulsive spirit with which she responds to the musical as well as the pianistic challenge. It should be noted that Markevitch has a more creative sense of the Falla score than almost anyone who has previously recorded it, treating the orchestra as the dominant element it is meant to be.
Copland: *A Lincoln Portrait; Our Town* excerpts; *Outdoor Overture; Quiet City*. Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra with Charlton Heston, speaker. Vanguard 1088, $4.98; stereo 2115, $5.98.	This cross-section of the accessible Copland—not all of it by any means, but some of the best—is valid in interest and varied in content. The tendency to understatement has more to commend it *vis-à-vis* the music from *Quiet City* and the *Our Town* excerpts than in the *Overture* and *Lincoln Portrait,* both of which cry out for more animation than Abravanel provides.. Heston's matter-of-fact delivery, though vocally beautiful, lacks urgency or passion, save for the closing crescendo on "Shall not perish from the earth," which takes off like an ICBM. Not too convincing. Good sound throughout, and able performance by the orchestra.
Dvorak: Concerto in G minor. Rudolf Firkusny, piano, with orchestra conducted by Laszlo Somogyi. Westminster WST 17044, $4.98.	A better performance of this work than Firkusny's could hardly be asked, for it is in every way a qualified successor to his previous version with Szell (Columbia ML 4967). This, if anything, tends to accentuate the limitations of its interest, rooted in Dvorak's early-Brahms affection, and showing him unable (as yet) to find characteristic themes to develop, or a characteristic way to develop the themes he employed. This is especially so in the first movement: the others approach more closely the distinctive sound of better Dvorak, though not yet the best. The revised scoring of Vilém Kurz has not altered the situation much.
Moussorgsky-Ravel: *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Debussy: *L'Après midi d'un faune*. Lorin Maazel conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36132, $4.98; stereo S-36132, $5.98.	Maazel finds congenial material in the Moussorgsky *Pictures,* not merely for the coloristic opportunities provided by Ravel's orchestration but also because the brevity and concentration of the fourteen sections minimize problems of structure and design. Even so, Maazel achieves better results in those sections which are purely pictorial—such as "The Ballad of the Unhatched Chicks" and "The Old Castle"—than in those that have some ideational content, such as "Bydlo" or "The Great Gate at Kiev." The latter is not so much built to a climax as driven to the limit of the microphone's tolerance. The prefatory Debussy is rather awkwardly placed, and prosaically performed as well.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 6. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-5889, $4.98; stereo MS-6489, $5.98.	This belongs in the category of "enigmatic" works, concerned as it is with ideas and musical values which the composer used to much greater effect in earlier (and later) scores, both balletic and symphonic. Whether such duplication was involuntary or volitional—the symphony dates from 1946, when a composer's life in Russia was no more his own than it has been recently—there is no present way of knowing. The facts of the esthetic matter are, however, that it does not add up to the sound of Prokofiev at a reasonable level of invention or craftsmanship, and is keyed to a low level of comprehension. The performance is expert, the reproduction of high quality.
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 4. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML-5859, $4.98; stereo MS-6459, $5.98.	Ormandy's efforts to extend the symphonic literature by such endeavors as this and the recent Tchaikovsky "No. 7" (it came between Nos. 5 and 6) is worthy of the great orchestra he conducts. That the results are not so memorable as they might be is not so much his fault as that of the composers', for all their eminence. For those who may have been puzzled by the lack of recordings of the Shostakovich symphonies between Nos. 1 and 5 this work (only recently published in Russia) will provide a partial answer. It is an uneven mixture of ingredients, with occasional morsels of his own quality sifted through with sandy bits of others (Mahler especially). Beautifully as the orchestra performs it, the work lacks consistency either of quality or style.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM-2681, $4.98; stereo LSC-2681, $5.98.	Two reputable artists have rarely produced so distorted a representation of a standard work as in this collaboration by a pianist who seems to have forgotten his feeling for the composer and a conductor who has never had any such feeling. The objective, so we are told, is to present a "musical approach" to this much-played work, but this is hardly the first word that comes to mind to describe the lethargic tempo of the first movement, or the dull thuds of the timpani that result from the hard driven orchestra in the tuttis. Very clear, sharp sound which does not do justice to the lower ranges of Rubinstein's dynamics.
Villa-Lobos: Concerto No. 2. Guarnieri Choro. Aldo Parisot, cello, with orchestra conducted by Gustav Meier. Westminster WST 17037, $4.98.	Both of these works were written for the present performer—the Villa-Lobos in 1954, the Guarnieri in 1961. Of the two, it strikes me that he has had the better luck with the Guarnieri, for a perhaps inconsistent reason: he is not a cellist, as Villa-Lobos was, and thus devotes himself more to the interests of a total musical conception than to the advantage of the solo instrument. Also, the best parts of the Villa-Lobos tend to recall his other works, whereas the Guarnieri has a consistently individual quality that comes gratefully to the ear. Both the soloist and the orchestra perform well, but the quality of the reproduced sound could be better. —Irving Kolodin.

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Baroque for Bow and Strings

By BORIS SCHWARZ

PIETRO LOCATELLI: *L'Arte del Violino,* Opus 3 (Vol. I, Nos. 1 to 6). Susi Lautenbacher, violin; Mainz Chamber Orchestra, Günther Kehr, conductor. Vox VBX-40/1, $9.95; Stereo, SVBX-540/1, $9.95.

ANTONIO VIVALDI: *L'Estro Armonico,* Op. 3 (complete). Soloists: Monique Frasca-Colombier, Marthe Tercieux, Yvon Caracilly, Françoise Onfroy, violins; Michel Renard, cello; Huguette Gremy, harpsichord; Paris Chamber Orchestra, Paul Kuentz, conductor. Decca 10070, 1 & 2, $4.98 each; Stereo, 110070, 1 & 2, $5.98 each. *Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione,* Op. 8 (complete). Reinhold Barchet, violin; Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart, Rolf Reinhardt, conductor; Helma Elsner, harpsichord. $9.95. Vox VBX 32, $9.95. 3-12" records.

PIETRO LOCATELLI (1695-1764) and Antonio Vivaldi (*ca.* 1678-1741) were contemporaries. They lived in an age of intense musical activity compared to which our cultural "explosion" is but an innocent bubble. In the eighteenth century, the arts were supported by church, state, and city as well as by private munificence to an extent unknown in our day. Every Italian city had its opera, every church its orchestra, every university its *collegium musicum;* courts and aristocrats endeavored to attract artists, and wealthy burghers patronized the arts. Municipalities maintained their town bands, and music was taught in orphanages at city expense.

Both Locatelli and Vivaldi were celebrated during their lifetimes as virtuoso violinists, composers, and teachers. As they passed from the scene, however, their fame faded quickly and their works fell into oblivion—a fate shared by many baroque composers, including Bach. The resurrection of Bach began in 1829 with the memorable performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* conducted in Berlin by the twenty-year-old Mendelssohn. Vivaldi had to wait another century before the musical world became aware of his creative abundance; and Locatelli—musically less versatile but technically more daring—is still awaiting rediscovery. Even in his native country, Locatelli has remained a stranger. Born in Bergamo, educated in Rome (where the great Corelli was his teacher), he spent much of his life abroad. From 1729 until his death Locatelli resided in Amsterdam as the highly respected "Italian Musick Master"—composing and teaching, directing concerts and publishing his music, editing and proofreading the works of other composers (Amsterdam was at the time a center of music publication). As a hobby, he collected books and *objets d'art;* as a sideline, he had a profitable trade in imported strings. He became part of Holland's musical scene and heritage, and his only full-length biography available today is in Dutch, by Arend Koole.

The present recording of Locatelli's *L'Arte del Violino* (published in 1733 as Opus 3) offers a welcome opportunity to re-evaluate one of the most maligned works in the violin repertory. As the self-confident title, *The Art of the Violin,* implies, Locatelli aimed at summarizing all the achievements of the violin. He succeeded so well that until the advent of Paganini in the early 1800s, the technique of Locatelli was considered the apex of virtuosity. But with acclaim came criticism. Already in 1789, the learned Charles Burney described his music as arousing "more surprise than pleasure," and Dittersdorf, another contemporary, considered his style "old-fashioned." The ultimate critical blow came in 1868 when Wasielewski, a German expert in the history of the violin, branded Locatelli as a "finger acrobat" who degraded the violin into a "torture machine" and whose technical tricks bordered on "charlatanism." Such misjudgments continue to be reprinted, even in Groves' latest dictionary, although scholars like Schering, Koole, and Pincherle have long since rehabilitated the musical stature of Locatelli.

In order to understand Wasielewski's wrath, one must know something about the peculiar organization of *L'Arte del Violino.* It is a collection of twelve violin concerti with string orchestra, each consisting of the customary three movements. Incorporated into each of the outer movements is a lengthy capriccio—actually a composer's cadenza. While the concerti explore the expressive means of the violin, the capricci strain its technical potential to the utmost. The composer designated them as optional—they could be omitted or replaced by other cadenzas. They may have been inserted for study rather than performance, for Locatelli must have been aware of their musical barrenness: they are, in truth, little more than glorified exercises. Admittedly, they served as point of departure for the twenty-four Caprices of Paganini, who added musical values to technical devilry.

By concentrating his critical attack on Locatelli's capricci, Wasielewski obscured the exceptional compositional quality of the main part of *L'arte del Violino,* namely the concerti themselves. In many ways, they are more "progressive" than those of Vivaldi and point directly to the great Tartini. Locatelli was among the first to break some of the rigid traditions of the baroque concerto, and to widen the purely expressive potential of the violin. His first movements become slower, more songful and sensitive. He unified the musical design of the movement by giving orchestra and soloist an identical opening theme: following the orchestral introduction, the solo violin repeats the first theme an octave higher in an embellished version. This principle remained valid until Beethoven's Violin Concerto and later. Locatelli, who had a predilection for the silvery register of the E string, made effective use of the highest positions of the violin, not only in technical passages but also in cantilena. His ingratiating melodies at times have a romantic, "Mendelssohnian" flavor.

Susi Lautenbacher, the solo violinist, interprets the concerti with force, clarity, and impeccable intonation; in the slow movements she displays a warm, expressive tone. She handles the technical difficulties of the capricci with assurance and adds her own tasteful improvisations as envisaged by the composer. Her technique has more solidity than sparkle, particularly in her bowings which would profit by greater use of bouncing *ricochet* and *saltando.* More imagination in dynamic shadings would have helped to relieve the occasional étude-like monotony in one or the other capriccio. But these are very minor flaws in an otherwise admirable performance. The Mainz Chamber Orchestra under Günther Kehr provides full-bodied support, and the balance between soloist, orchestra and harpsichord is excellent.

Locatelli and Vivaldi were competitors at various stages of their careers. In the 1720s, Locatelli was active in Venice where the older Vivaldi was preeminent; in 1738, Vivaldi conducted a festival program in Amsterdam where Locatelli was considered the leading musician. Possibly a feeling of artistic rivalry caused them to avoid personal contact. However, they knew each other's music, and there is evidence of mutual influence.

Listening to two dozen concerti by Vivaldi, I was reminded of Dallapiccola's witticism, "Vivaldi did not write 400 concerti—he wrote one concerto 400

(*Continued on page* 67)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Bruckner: Mass No. 3 in F minor. Eugen Jochum conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian Radio, with Maria Stader, soprano, Claudia Hellmann, mezzo-soprano, Ernst Häfliger, tenor, and Kim Borg, bass. DGG 18829, $5.98; stereo 138829, $6.98.	This is the second well-recorded version of this work to appear in the current year, and on the whole, a better performance of Bruckner than the predecessor under the direction of Karl Forster (*SR,* March 30). For this the credit is in large part Jochum's: he has a more potent sense of the style, never confusing sobriety with dullness, or devoutness with sentimentality. He is also possessed, in Maria Stader, of a soprano with a purer, surer command of the high range in which some of the work's most expressive passages lie, than Pilar Lorengar in the Angel issue. Otherwise, the values of execution and reproduction are of much the same order (Christa Ludwig, for Angel, is a preferable mezzo to Claudia Hellman, for DGG), but Jochum and Stader are compelling advantages for the present issue.
Debussy: Preludes (Book 1). Monique Haas, piano. DGG 18831, $5.98; stereo 138831, $6.98.	The abilities that make Miss Haas a better than average performer of Hindemith tend to make her a less than average performer of Debussy. The attack, both intellectual and tactile, is too direct, lacking subtlety, shadings, or atmosphere. This has a degree of interest in making audible the strong skeletal structure that underlies such a conception as *Les collines d'Anacapri* or *Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest,* but that is an interest which leaves more than a little of the total conception unaccounted for. Certainly there is finger strength to admire in *Minstrels,* but the image that emerges is more of an automaton than a live performer in a music hall or café. Very good piano reproduction.
Gluck: "O malheureuse Iphigénie!" (*Iphigénie en Tauride*). Berlioz: "D'amour l'ardente flamme" (*La Damnation de Faust*). Massenet: "Adieu, notre petite table" and "Je marche sur tour les chemins" (*Manon*) and "Air des lettres" (*Werther*). Gounod: "Il était un Roi de Thulé" and "Ah! je ris" (*Faust*). Maria Callas, soprano, with orchestra conducted by George Prêtre. Angel 36147, $4.98; stereo S-36147, $5.98.	In many ways this is not merely a companion piece but an indispensable adjunct to the prior collection of items reviewed under the heading of *Callas in Paris* (*SR,* January 27, 1962) before Angel decided to title this issue *Callas in Paris.* This is especially the case with those excerpts in which Miss Callas measures herself against the challenge of such major characters of the *Opéra Française* as Gluck's Iphigénie, Berlioz's Marguerite and Massenet's Charlotte, and marks them with the unmistakable stamp of her artistry. In all of these, the flow of sound is a beautifully modulated counterpart of the textual line as well as the musical. She is hardly the mind's image of what a performer of Massenet's or Gounod's teen-agers should offer, in sight or sound, but she makes a remarkable success of adapting her voice to the ballad of the King of Thulé and almost (but not quite) to the "Jewel Song." As for the rumored evidences of vocal distress in some of these tracks, they do not sound that way to my ear at all. Prêtre does his work well, and the characteristic timbre of French woodwinds and horns is all to the good of the total effect.
Prokofiev: Sonatas Nos. 2 and 3. Rachmaninoff: Preludes, Op. 32, Nos. 5, 8 and 12; Elegie, Op. 3, No. 4; Barcarolle, Op. 10, No. 3; and Etude-Tableau in C-sharp minor, Op. 33, No. 9. Gary Graffman, piano. Columbia ML 5844, $4.98; stereo MS 6444, $5.98.	No prior record by Gary Graffman—and he has made more than a few—was as complimentary to his taste, musicality, and pianistic command as this one. All these qualities have been latent to more or less degree in his earlier recordings for RCA as well as Columbia, but whether for reasons of repertory, mood, or mere hard-won maturity these performances embody them more consistently than any prior ones. As for that repertory, it is both compatible and unhackneyed (save for the G-minor prelude of Rachmaninoff), a joy to hear in performances of such sympathy, authority, and understanding. Excellent piano reproduction.
Schönberg: Serenade for Septet and Bass. The Melos Ensemble directed by Bruno Maderna with John Carol, baritone. L'Oiseaux Lyre SOL 250, $4.98; stereo S-250, $5.98.	There is much to admire in the playing of the fine ensemble, whose performers include such excellent English musicians as Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, Cecil Aronowitz, viola, Terence Weil, cello, and John Williams, guitar, and both the conductor and the vocalist have the problems of this work under sure control. It may be questioned, however, whether its somewhat more leisurely, definitely more lyrical treatment will divert preference from the prior recording under the direction of Robert Craft, in which the Serenade is confined to a single side, and there are several short vocal works as well as the Variations for Orchestra (Opus 31) on Side 2. Simply as performance, I would say there is more detail of the score, a clearer articulation of every line, in the Maderna than there is in the Craft, which is restricted to mono. For those unacquainted with the work, it makes an excellent introduction to the more astringent, "perfected" examples of the twelve-note method.
Schubert: Quintet in A. Beethoven: Quartet in E flat. Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, with Joseph Roisman, violin, Boris Kroyt, Viola, and Mischa Schneider, cello, with Julius Levine, double bass, in the Schubert. Columbia ML-5873, $4.98; stereo MS-6473, $5.98.	Those who are acquainted with the prior recording by Horszowski and the three Budapest Quartet members will know what to expect in this re-recording. Those who are not so versed will find a performance of almost flawless workmanship and artistic taste, with a complete absence of the uncertainties of intonation that have been regretted in some recent Budapest recordings. Lacking, also, is that little something extra in grace and sensitivity that distinguishes the great recording (such as Schnabel's of the *Forellen*) from the merely good one. The Beethoven is the same, of course, as that recorded by Gieseking and Serkin in its original form with three winds rather than strings. Its inclusion here is a favor to the price-conscious. Both works are beautifully reproduced, with a proper proportion of double bass sound to the whole.
Sor: Etudes. John Williams, guitar. Westminster 17039, $4.98.	At first encounter, the études of Sor do not seem to promise any more general interest than is common with studies for such a specialized instrument as the guitar. Thanks, however, to the enlivening properties of Williams's art and the increasing interest of the twenty pieces as they progress, the results are decidedly absorbing. A contemporary of Paganini, as well as of Beethover the Spaniard has more than a little in common with the Italians in melodic style, though there is nc such parade of difficulties for the guitarist. Now and then there is a special problem in articulation, to which Williams responds with the highly conscious, completely balanced artistry that distinguishes him, at twenty-two (he was born in Melbourne in 1941) from most other guitarists of whatever age (Segovia, his mentor, excepted).
Vivaldi: *Gloria; Credo.* Bruno Bartoletti conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino with Maria Stader and Alberta Pellegrini, sopranos, and Anna Maria Rota, mezzo-soprano. DGG 18788, $5.98; stereo 138788, $6.98.	The considerable beauties of this music (also its recurrent lapses into commonplaces and clichés of the composer's epoch) are not too well served by the performance. Bartoletti does not rise much above the level of routine, the second soprano and alto are not in Maria Stader's class, and the choral singing wanders from the pitch more than occasionally (as in the Crucifixis of the *Credo*). Better balance would have been an improvement, especially in the relation of orchestra (which is sometimes barely audible) to the choral ensemble. Least satisfactory of the requirements needed to produce a commendable recording is the annotation, which does not relate the work to Vivaldi's output in more than the most general way, and tells nothing at all about the contribution of the editor, Alfredo Casella. —I. K.

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times." Of course there is exaggeration in this *bon mot*, yet it must be conceded that Vivaldi tends to be repetitious, particularly when composing under pressure of time. Fortunately, his first concerto cycle, *L'Estro Armonico* (The Harmonious Inspiration), published in 1712 as Opus 3, is not flawed by any routine. He ushers in a new spirit—the emancipation from the churchly style. *L'Estro* established Vivaldi's European reputation; copies circulated before publication, and one found its way into the hands of Bach. He paid the ultimate tribute to the genius of Vivaldi by transcribing six of these concerti for his own use, mostly for organ or harpsichord solo. (The program notes on the jacket list only five such arrangements).

THE complete cycle of *L'Estro Armonico* consists of twelve concerti. Four are for solo violin with string orchestra while eight belong to the type of *Concerto grosso*. In the latter, the choice of solo instruments is handled with logic and imagination: two violins in concerti Nos. 5 and 8, two violins and cello in Nos. 2 and 11, four violins in Nos. 1 and 4, four violins and cello in Nos. 7 and 10. A few of these concerti first became known in modernized versions, particularly No. 6 for solo violins and No. 8 for two violins, both in A minor, as arranged by T. Nachèz. Such modernizations must be appraised with caution: there is, for example, a Columbia record of the Double Concerto No. 8, beautifully played by Oistrakh and Stern, where the original Finale is replaced by an unidentified last movement. The Concerto No. 11 in D minor achieved early fame as an organ transcription falsely ascribed to Bach's oldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann; it is also known in a reorchestration by A. Siloti. The Concerto No. 10 for four solo violins is occasionally heard side by side with Bach's transcription for four keyboard instruments as was done at one of the opening concerts of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall. To hear the cycle in its entirety, as conceived by the composer, is a refreshing experience, although not all the concerti are of equal merit.

The playing of the Paris Chamber Orchestra is clear, crisp, animated; the slow movements are kept fluid and unsentimental in cool loveliness. The style of the soloists is beautifully coordinated, but at times they sound too distant. The harpsichord plays a somewhat busy realization of the figured bass. It is interesting to compare the characteristically "lean" sound of these French performances with the interpretations of the same concerto cycle by the Stuttgart Pro Musica (Vox VBX 20). The German ensemble plays with a thicker, more solid tone; the tempi are slower, the expression is more subjective. Both versions are musically valid though the French musicians are, perhaps, closer to the "Latin" spirit of the music.

The same Pro Musica Orchestra, under Rolf Reinhardt, has also recorded Vivaldi's Opus 8, the twelve concerti known as *Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione* (The Test of Harmony and Invention). This cycle contains the popular *Four Seasons* and the equally descriptive "The Hunt," "The Sea Storm," and "The Pleasure" (*Il Piacere*). The remaining five concerti are nonprogrammatic; two of them may have been originally intended for solo oboe. The violin soloist is Reinhold Barchet, recognized as a specialist in 18th-century repertoire; in fact, his earlier recording of the *Four Seasons* under Münchinger was reissued recently by Richmond. Barchet is a musician in the best German tradition, with a strong feeling for style and dependable technique. Nevertheless, some of the technical passages are not entirely smooth, and there is a certain lack of imagination and dash. From this point of view, the Brusilow-Ormandy recording of the *Seasons* (Columbia) is preferable. Vivaldi's *Cimento* is extrovert music which, under Rolf Reinhardt's placid direction, loses some of its vitality. Thus, the Presto of "The Sea Storm" emerges decidedly becalmed, and the soaring *Il Piacere* remains stolid and earthbound. (One remembers Menuhin's lovely recording of *Il Piacere* for Victor-London, no longer in the catalogue). Actually, the naïve picturesqueness in Vivaldi's *Cimento* is less congenial to the serious style of the Stuttgart Orchestra than the more contrapuntal concerti without program; here, like in Nos. 7 and 11, the monumental approach is fully justified and beautifully effective.

The program annotations furnished for all of these recordings leave much to be desired, both in format and content. As Paul Henry Lang said in *The Musical Quarterly*, "This is carriage-trade music, and those cultivated enough to enjoy it will want cultivated literary guidance." This especially holds true of music not readily available in print. Why not provide some musical examples or illustrations of the period? In 1956, Vox issued an interesting booklet for Locatelli's Opus 1 which was a model of its kind. Now, for *L'Arte del Violino*, it merely provides a one-page essay by Robert Cushman, which is literate but poorly balanced: too much incidental information, too little musical discussion. Vivaldi's *Cimento* fares somewhat better: Joseph Braunstein provides a more detailed analysis, but it is presented in such an unattractive format that only the most tenacious reader will plod through its minuscule print. With Decca's notes on Vivaldi's *L'Estro*, a great opportunity was missed. The brief essay, printed on the record jacket, is "translated and adapted from the French of Marc Pincherle." This foremost Vivaldi scholar, if allotted more space, could have given us an illuminating introduction; instead, one senses the frustration of the author forced to give a capsule opinion on a subject to which he has devoted a lifetime.

High School in Buffalo

By David Posner

EVEN small streets have a double row of elms.
Back and forth bicycles hullabaloo,
Children rehearsing last week's film.
Their shouts go up in blue
And birds smile from a near cloud
Drifting to Grand Island almost in song.
You would think the voices belong
To love in a dance performing loud
Indoors for mothers, shrill out on the boats
Where fathers near magic fish wait,
Or soft down the forest among nightingales.
Cassandra, I could tell you a tale
You never bored the sober Trojans with.
Ask the pushers, the drunk whores, those scarred
Breasts and foul-mouthed beards, where are
Your sons and daughters? "Save your breath,
Sweetheart, they're learning to be noble like the State,
Good like a lake in summer." Under the trees
The parents lie, each in his separate sleep.
Besieged our city mourns in flowers. The boys
Have stabbed their teachers with forks, the girls
Are having babies on the schoolroom steps.

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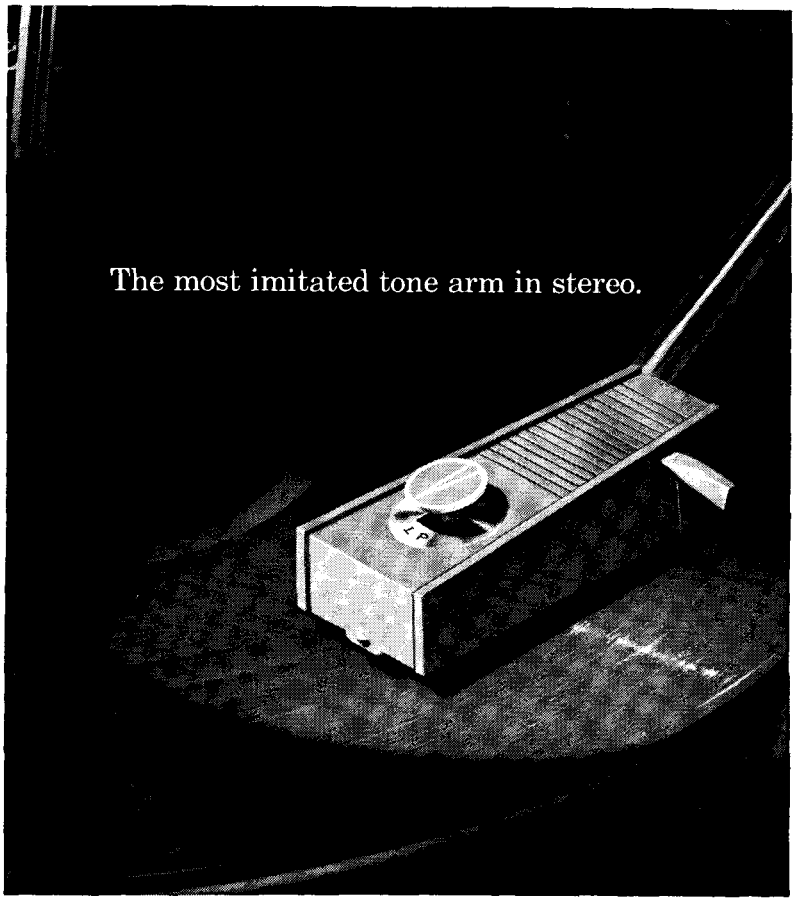

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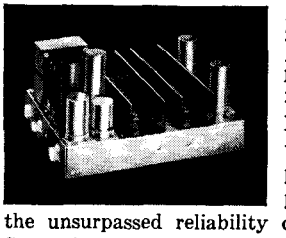

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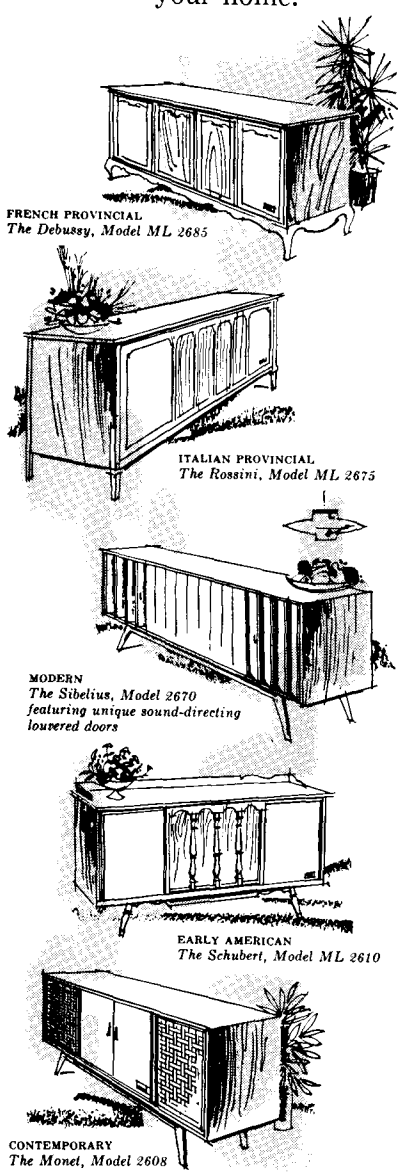

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The Other Side

"Dynagroove" in London

LONDON.

WITH a fanfare of trumpets—or, to be more precise, with a press reception at a luxury hotel and a four-page advertising spread in the record periodicals—RCA has at last launched its "New Sound," alias "Dynagroove." It seems a little painful that Decca, whose accomplishments in this field are not exactly negligible, should by its association with RCA be compelled to handle this publicity broadside, implying, as it were, that its own techniques must now be regarded as out of date. Of course this simply is not true; among the new Decca issues for October there are several discs offering strikingly superior sound to any first fruit of "Dynagroove."

Yet it would be begging the question merely to dismiss "Dynagroove" as a publicity stunt: such discs as I have so far heard—Boston Symphony recordings of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* and B-flat-minor Concerto (with Rubinstein), as well as the Ravel concerto and Morton Gould's Sibelius miscellany—certainly sound different from run-of-the-mill RCA recordings; we must ask ourselves whether this difference represents genuine progress or amounts only to a backward step. Unfortunately, the answer is far from simple.

In the field of popular music no such conflict exists, for it is synthetic through and through, being from the very first a product of the recording or broadcasting studio. So-called classical music, on the other hand, does enjoy an independent existence in a pre-canned state, and many of us continue to judge recordings by comparing them with the live experience. Yet there are also many who, whether from choice or through lack of opportunity, no longer employ such a yardstick and look to hi-fi not to imitate nature but to improve on it; such people may well find "Dynagroove" to their taste, since it tends to dramatize orchestral detail and imparts a glossy surface to the over-all sound.

For my own part, I find these tendencies distasteful, while the general compression of the dynamic range that seems to accompany them strikes me as a retrograde step. To reproduce anything approaching the full gamut of concert hall dynamics in domestic surroundings is certainly not without its problems, as we all know, but stereo has helped to minimize the difficulties.

I did, however, notice one hopeful aspect of "Dynagroove": the discs so far issued appear to be recorded at a higher level than is customary without displaying a proportionate increase in tracking distortion. If the new cutting techniques claimed by RCA really make it possible to increase the volume level without making the pick-up's task more difficult at the same time (and I should like to hear it applied to some massive choral work before I am wholly convinced), then we stand to gain tangible benefits.

For the moment, at any rate, none of the "Dynagroove" recordings sounds as lifelike as some of Decca's October releases, notably the second volume in the series devoted to Mozart's wind music (containing the magnificent C-minor Serenade, K.338, as well as the Divertimenti, K.186 and K.253) and two new discs from Ansermet and the Suisse Romande: a sturdy performance of Brahms's Fourth Symphony and Stravinsky's complete ballet, *Le Baiser de la fée*, played with customary refinement. From Vienna comes a coupling of two great symphonies, Haydn's *Drum Roll* and Mozart's *Jupiter* meticulously played by the Philharmonic under Karajan and admirably recorded. The conducting is astonishing in its over-all grasp and attention to detail, yet there is little joy or warmth in this masterly display; the performances are brilliant, but not truly great. There is also a further installment in Backhaus's latest Beethoven Sonata project—the current disc couples Op. 26 and Op. 31, No. 3—and a rather carelessly made issue presenting Birgit Nilsson in Scenes from *Aïda*. This looks like an apologetic gesture from Decca to their famous soprano for being unable to plan another complete *Aïda* especially for her; it contains the heroine's two arias, plus duets with Amneris (Grace Hoffman), Amonasro (Louis Quilico), and Radames (Luigi Ottolini), but the results seem curiously halfhearted; none of the singers are really in top form and the support from the Covent Garden Orchestra under Pritchard is unenthusiastic.

From HMV-Angel comes a rather odd new recording of Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* which, though not labeled as such, is virtually a Glyndebourne production. Only one member of the cast, Victoria de los Angeles, has not sung at Glyndebourne; the Almaviva, Luigi Alva, has appeared there but not in this part. All the others—Sesto Bruscantini (Figaro), Ian Wallace (Bartolo), Carlo Cava (Basilio), Laura Sarti (Berta) etc.—are familiar Glyndebourne protagonists, Vittorio Gui conducts the Festival Chorus and the Royal Philharmonic, and the stereo presentation was supervised by Peter Ebert. On balance the set seems slightly disappointing, with the performance promising more than it actually achieves and the recording, "staged" in very lively but occasionally over-fussy fashion, somewhat impaired by rather dead acoustics.

However, no reservation of any kind

(*Continued on page 75*)

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Between Rossini and Verdi

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

"HIS talent is great, but even greater is his fecundity, in which he is succeeded only by rabbits." Thus a part-time critic named Heinrich Heine reported in 1843 on the composer of *Don Pasquale*. Only four years later, however, the same composer, now ailing pitifully, elicited more sympathetic words from the self-same Heine: "While his melodies ravish the world with their happy accents . . . he himself sits, a frightening image of insanity, in a sanatorium."

In his new book, *Donizetti and the World of Opera in Italy, Paris, and Vienna in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century* (Pantheon, $10), Herbert Weinstock not only explains Heine's change of attitude, but also sheds light on just about every phase of Donizetti's life and death. Relying on the tools of authoritative scholarship, and driven by obvious enthusiasm for his subject, Weinstock has compiled an impressive mass of biographical data ranging from accounts of the major Donizetti premières to speculation on the cause of his tragic death. Weinstock does not even overlook translations and interpretations of such non-musical documents as Donizetti's marriage record and autopsy report. The end result: a significant chronicle of the period in general, of nineteenth-century Italian opera in particular.

Opinions of Donizetti's talent have always fluctuated. As early as 1830, after a production of the long-since-forgotten *Olivia e Pasquale*, a critic observed that "some pieces of music strike us as a little trivial, [even though] the composer has in him taste, understanding, and that *brio* which is proper for opera buffa." *Anna Bolena* prompted Donizetti's admirer, the great republican leader Giuseppe Mazzini, to invoke the term "musical epic," crediting Donizetti with far more dramatic instinct than is usually the case. But even Mazzini admitted the orchestration was "not yet equal to the melodic inspiration."

Donizetti had all-out detractors, too, among them Mendelssohn, who objected to the Italian's creative facility and easy success: "Donizetti finishes operas in ten days . . . it may be hissed, but that does not matter as it is paid for all the same. . . . If in the end his reputation should be endangered . . . he would be compelled to labor in real earnest, which he would find by no means agreeable. Therefore, he sometimes spends as much as three weeks on an opera, taking considerable pains with a couple of arias so that they may please the audience and he can afford to amuse himself once more, and once more write trash."

If Mendelssohn's estimate is valid, then Donizetti must have taken "considerable pains," to say the least, with *Lucia, L'Elisir d'Amore,* and *Don Pasquale*; he must have taken at least *some* pains with the less-often-heard *Fille du Regiment* and *Favorita*; and with *Torquato Tasso, Gemma di Vergy, et al.,* he must have found more amusement than "earnest labor." Operas like *Anna Bolena, Duca d'Alba,* and *Rita,* however, have had enough performances lately to warrant re-evaluation of the obscure Donizetti output.

It was *Anna Bolena,* in fact, that inspired Weinstock's study. A revival at La Scala in 1958 showed the author that "Donizetti was a musicodramatic creator of far greater power and importance than any earlier contacts with others of his operas had led to believe. I began to understand then," he says in his foreword, "that he was the bridge between Rossini and Verdi, and to wonder about his life and career."

One's only reservations about the result of Weinstock's wondering concerns his self-inflicted limitation of scope. It would have been valuable to learn more of Donizetti's role in the stylistic evolution of Italian romantic music, just as it would have been enlightening to have the unknown Donizetti scores examined in detail. But musical dissection was never part of Weinstock's plan, and one must be content, for the moment, with an exhaustive historical exposé. Closer second-hand examination of the scores is left to a forthcoming book by Weinstock's friendly rival, William Ashbrook. (Weinstock's biography, by the way, is the first in English.)

Along with detailed assessment of the composer's musical style, Weinstock avoids a thorough consideration of his musical philosophy. Donizetti's role as a "bridge between Rossini and Verdi" might have been better explained had there been a discussion of his attitude toward *bel canto*—as opposed to what later became music drama. In general, Weinstock's judgment of the composer is never so clear as is his sympathy for the man. But the author does justify his omissions. "No musical work of any sort," he writes, "can be judged relevantly apart from adequate performance." And Weinstock does indicate in his foreword that not all the Donizetti glitter was golden: "familiarity . . . has served to increase my respect for Donizetti the dramatic composer and to multiply my regret that he so often was a frantically rushed and slipshod craftsman."

The value of Weinstock's book lies in the fact that it can be appreciated as a reference source on one level, as fascinating narrative reading on another. Some may find the superabundance of footnotes more a hindrance than a help, just as they may be put off by the intentionally stilted, literal translations of documents and letters. But, in the end, such matters serve only to reinforce the authenticity of Weinstock's picture.

And extraordinary is the word for the wealth of pertinent data that makes up that picture. It may come as a revelation even to specialists in the period, for instance, that there were two *Lucias* before Donizetti's, one with a libretto by Hans Christian Andersen; that Donizetti wrote Edgardo's agonizing "Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali" in the midst of one of the syphilitic attacks that foreshadowed his own end; that Berlioz attended one of the first performances of *L'Elisir*, only to find that "the people talk, gamble, sup, and succeed in drowning out the orchestra"; or, finally, that Donizetti's neglected output includes an extraordinary number of sinfonias, oratorios, chamber compositions, and sonatas, as well as operas. Perhaps Heine had seen a list comparable to the one in the appendix to Weinstock's narrative when he made his impolite remark.

Donizetti: a self-caricature.

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von Karajan

Continued from page 60

mass-produced records, this complacency is no longer possible! Also, records are a wonderful instrument for self-judgment. As a young conductor I had many faults. For one thing I was always hurrying the tempo of everything I conducted. People tried to tell me this, but I wouldn't listen to them. When I finally began to study my recordings, I realized they were right. Today when I hear these early records, I feel I must have been drunk when making them!

Q. Can a recording, however technically perfect as a performance, hope to duplicate the directness and immediacy of a great concert hall performance?

A. Sometimes when I hear a record of Richter, I wonder if the playing could be better in the concert hall. In a concert, of course, the human element can cause mistakes and yet the concert can still be marvelous. In a recording we strive for technical perfection. And yet I remember one recording—the last performance by Dinu Lipatti at the Lucerne Festival. All of us knew that this great artist had only a short time left. The Mozart C-major Concerto which we performed was a wonderful living

performance. How appropriate for Lipatti to have played Mozart at this concert. Many years later tapes of the broadcast were located in the hands of private collectors and a recording was pressed by Columbia. From a technical standpoint, the recording isn't much. It is certainly, however, proof that recordings can convey the living spirit of the music.

Q. The point is that this recording was made from an actual performance. Is there not good reason to record more public performances?

A. Yes, but this sort of thing does not make the record companies and high fidelity enthusiasts happy. They don't want the extraneous noises produced in an actual concert.

Conducting Techniques

Q. In rehearsing the orchestra, you seem to put great emphasis on conveying the proper rhythm to the players. Is this perhaps the most difficult task for the conductor?

A. Yes, it is. It is very strange, but with our race and in our latitude, rhythmic control is the most difficult thing for a musician to achieve. There is hardly a musician among us who can play the same note five times without minor variation. Part of the fault is that rhythm is never taught correctly to young musicians. For the Negro or African, it comes naturally—this sense of rhythm. As for myself, I can tolerate wrong notes, but I cannot stand an unstable rhythm. Perhaps I was born in Africa in another existence. Once in Vienna after we had finished a recording session, I surprised everyone by telling them that I was going to hear a Louis Armstrong concert. When they asked why? I told them that to go to a concert and know that for two hours the music would not get faster or slower was a great joy to me.

Q. Would it be possible to separate the functions of the two arms in conducting?

A. No, they work integrally. The same functions would be performed if you had three arms or only one. I have conducted many performances with my hand in a sling. Without my arms I could still give the beat with my nose and with my shoulders.

Q. What are the advantages of being able to conduct without a score?

A. You are able to look at the whole work better because you have in your mind the complete picture of it. It is amusing to observe opera singers who sing whole operatic roles without resorting to the prompter, stare into the notes when they sing a short solo in the Brahms *Requiem*. These notes can have a truly hypnotic effect!

Q. However, you employ the score when conducting a work like *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

A. Yes, I sometimes use a score. This is mostly when I am performing a work with which the orchestra is unfamiliar. It can help to prevent trouble before it occurs. As for conducting in the opera house without a score, it has become very difficult for me with over 25 operas in the repertoire and with the constant shifting from one opera to the next.

Q. Aside from Toscanini, who were the conductors whom you admired most in your youth and do you admire these same conductors today?

A. Bruno Walter, of course, and Richard Strauss. Strauss as a conductor had a natural feeling for tempi. He never said very much but his slightest indication produced positive results in the orchestra. Wilhelm Furtwängler . . .

Q. The newspapers would have it that you have spent your life struggling against Furtwängler's musical position and prestige.

A. It is always like that in the newspapers: one makes a struggle out of everything. We were never close as individuals but I attended his rehearsals at every opportunity. One day I am going to write a book about conductors who have influenced me and I will devote a chapter to Furtwängler. He was the first conductor who divided the responsibility for the interpretation between himself and the orchestra. Under him the Berlin Philharmonic learned to make music in the way that a string qurtet does. However, forcing the orchestra to take the initiative and to make its own decisions in changing from one episode to the next was sometimes at the risk of imperfect ensemble. Although I have not tried to change this style of playing, I have attempted to superimpose on it some of the precision which Toscanini with his absolute control imposed on his orchestras. It is this marriage of orchestral initiative with discipline that I strive to use as a basis for all my performances with the Berlin Philharmonic.

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Brandenburgs by Klemperer

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

KLEMPERER has recorded the Brandenburg Concerti with Philharmonia players (Angel 3627B, $9.96 or Stereo S-3627B, $11.96). Often, I have tried to tell myself during some performance or other that I really could hear the canon between violas at the beginning of the Sixth Concerto. Now, for the first time, I really do hear it. Well supported by the English engineers, Klemperer throughout makes textures in many respects unprecedentedly clear. The Second Concerto's first movement, another piece that is extremely difficult to render transparent, is also outstandingly successful from this point of view. The sounds themselves are quite beguiling all the way through.

That, of course, is no surprise—by now we are all familiar with the Philharmonia's quality—and the element of the unexpected is provided by the few startling lapses from the excellence we look for: some rough cello playing in the Third Concerto, and the painfully out-of-tune flutes in the Fourth. The Philharmonia plus involves two ringers, one should say, both of them nearly *de rigueur* for Brandenburg projects. One is the trumpeter Adolf Scherbaum, high-flying, assured, gracefully musical as always. The other is the harpsichordist George Malcolm. In his continuos as well as his solo, Klemperer imposes upon him a style more chaste than is his custom. The chastity, however, strikes me as being that of Klingsor. I am not convinced, and what results is not a straightforward reading of Bach's music, nor does it provide the compensation of a certain kind of exuberance with which we expect all those rhythmic shifts and fussy registrations to do their havoc.

Klemperer's virtuosic untangling of the threads of Bach's polyphony is a quality much to be prized. Textures are of extraordinary importance in this music. I am convinced that Bach so fantastically varied his instrumentation not just to impress the Margrave of Brandenburg with his versatility, but because the cycle represents a special effort on his part to write music whose discourse is carried out primarily as textural-timbral interplay. Much of the time, the Brandenburgs' polyphony is truly one of colors. As far as I know, an analysis of the Brandenburgs along these lines still remains to be written, but I would suggest that Klemperer's clarifying realization of these scores (from this point of view, at least) is an important step toward a singularly modern understanding of these miraculous compositions.

Yet all this clarity is dearly purchased. Klemperer's readings have very little momentum. No one, for example, could infer from listening to him that most of the first movements are *alla breve*. The phrasing does not always help. The Minuet in the First Concerto does not come out as a dance: it is impressive for its beautiful legato, but that is beside the point when what we want is the lift Bach asks for between the second and third notes. There is little sense for the vibrant and fantastic side of baroque style: phrases are elegantly blended rather than sharply defined, there are not enough ornaments, cadences are not properly sharpened rhythmically, and the great espressivo movements are (except by a fidgety Mr. Malcolm) neutralized.

Klemperer is puzzling. A composer himself, he ought to understand about musical sentences, paragraphs, chapters; yet he constantly blunders about cadences, and he manages to drift vaguely into the recapitulations as though even they took him by surprise. The Andante and Presto of the Fourth Concerto are paced to perfection, and they stand as a tantalizing hint of what this set of Brandenburgs might have been. Klemperer does not go astray as catastrophically as in the *St. Matthew Passion*—which I am convinced he misunderstands completely—but, just the same, his Brandenburgs are more off than on. It is worth every musician's while to hear them once, even though they are a perversely one-sided view of music more interesting, more full of passion and charm, than he would have us know.

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Anarchy And Order

FOR OVER ten years tape music has been with us, and the *enfant terrible* has passed from its noisy babyhood to dubious maturity. But should anyone doubt its staying power, be assured, it is here to stay. Eventually, it will become a useful sonic citizen. In its struggle for legitimacy it has been offered various names. The French, who think they birthed it, named it "musique concrète." Varèse prefers to call his electronic creations "organized sound." Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky, who have pioneered this field, suggested rather whimsically the term "tapsichord." Others simply designate it as tape music, or electronic music.

Within the ranks of composers, engineers, physicists, and practitioners of this electronic medium, serious conflicts have arisen over ways, means, organizations, and sources of sounds. Purists insist that sounds be produced entirely by electronic means. Others have depended instead on accidentally or naturally produced sounds, distorted by varying their pitch, by speeding or slowing the tape, by playing it backward or subjecting it to other alterations. Some less fanatic about it prefer a somewhat bastard combination of both. Currently, many American tape or electronic composers are experimenting with the combination of live and electronic sounds.

One new name to be added to the tape makers is Tod Dockstader. Working independently, without the assistance and electronic equipment of a university, he has had instead the cooperation of the Gotham Recording Corporation in New York, in whose studios he produced this series of electronic pieces. He has created, or should we say assembled, Eight Electronic Pieces that are interesting examples of this evolving medium. (Folkways FM 3434, $5.95).

They are, like Varèse's *Poème Electronique* and Stockhausen's *Gesang der Jünglinge*, combinations of pure electronic sound with recorded natural sounds. The first six seem more experimental and accidental in their assemblage; the concluding two (which occupy one side of the recording) are more ordered and developed. Dockstader believes that the "contention between the natural chaos of the sources —the anarchy of noise—and the realization of their order in a piece of music, is the tension and excitement of electronic music." A little of this can go an awfully long way. —OLIVER DANIEL.

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Churchill in His Own Voice

IT SEEMED inevitable that some commercial use would be made of the fact that Sir Winston Churchill became an honorary citizen of the United States last April, the first person to be so distinguished. With splendid speed and understandable devotion to one of the greatest of American friends abroad, Colpix Records has produced a new high fidelity album containing the memorable speeches of Great Britain's wartime Prime Minister, from Neville Chamberlain's disastrous trip to Munich, through the dark time when England was all but alone, to final victory and beyond. This famous piece of history is packed into four sides of two long-playing records (*Sir Winston Churchill,* Colpix Records, PS 2000, $11.95) that are as fascinating as anything since Edward R. Murrow's recreation of FDR's magic voice.

The recording is, however, a disappointment in one respect. If you wish to hear Churchill's own voice making the famous speech that begins with the words "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds. . . ," you won't find it here. Indeed, this historic speech was probably never recorded in the original or, if it was, the whereabouts of the original has defied the most diligent and persistent of searches. Churchill made the speech in the House of Commons on June 4, 1940, during the Dunkirk debacle-miracle. It has been recreated many times by many imitators of the Churchillian voice, but the bare fact that it is not in this volume tends to prove that it has vanished by sound, though the printed words remain. You can't blame the producers of this current album for failing to recapture an apparently lost tape.

Something of Churchill's great high humor bursts through in much of the Churchillian recording, proof anew of the efficacy of laughter in difficult times and the unbelievable greatness of the man himself. You hear him say to the American Congress, after Hitler has boasted that he will wring the neck of the British chicken: "Some chicken . . . some neck!" You hear him tell his colleagues after the Nazis have invaded Russia in 1941 that if Hitler invaded Hell, "I would make at least a favorable reference to the devil in the House of Commons." You hear the magnificently stentorian: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat." You hear his moving memorial words to Neville Chamberlain and Franklin Roosevelt. Indeed, you hear Neville Chamberlain himself upon his return from Munich and, a few terrible days later, his admission that Poland has been invaded and that a state of war exists once more between Germany and Great Britain. You also hear FDR's marvelous voice briefly here and there, and a new generation will thrill to it now as the older one did then.

This American-citizenship recording was produced by Bud Greenspan, narrated by David Perry, and is, I firmly believe, well worth the $11.95 price. Mr. Greenspan also wrote and produced *The Voices and Sounds of World War II, Greatest Moments in Sports,* and other documentary record albums worth listening to. He has not let us down this time, I'm happy to say, except in his failure to produce the

unproducible. Let's face it, the auditory material he does have to work with is incomparable. After all, you can hardly fault a faultless and intensely dramatic vocal delivery using words like these:

"You ask what is our policy. I will say it is to wage war by sea, land, and air with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us—to wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy. You ask what is our aim. I can answer in one word—victory! Victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror. Victory, however long and hard the road might be. For without victory there is no survival."

—Richard L. Tobin.

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The Other Side

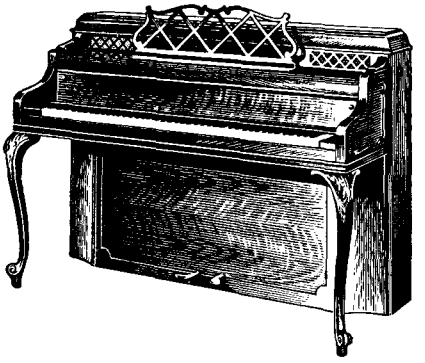
Continued from page 69

need be entertained in the case of another October issue on the same label. This is a single disc devoted to Verdi's magnificent *Quattro Pezzi Sacri* in beautifully recorded, superlative performances by the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra under Carlo-Maria Giulini. These wonderful products of Verdi's old age—two of them short and for unaccompanied voices, the other two more extended and containing some of the composer's most thrilling writing for full chorus and orchestra—have been heard far too rarely, though the greatest of them, the Te Deum, was a favorite of Toscanini's, who performed it now and again and left us a beautiful recording. Yet the virtually unknown Stabat Mater is scarcely less splendid, while the slighter Ave Maria and Laudi alla Vergine contain much lovely and tender music in Verdi's post-*Otello* style. Giulini's performances of the *Pezzi* and Angel's impressive sound augur well indeed for his recently completed recording of the *Manzoni Requiem*.

John Ogdon, that most gifted of our young pianists, shows in his latest recital —containing a Bach Prelude and Fugue, Mozart's D-minor Fantasia and Beethoven's *Andante favori*, as well as pieces by Chopin, Schumann, Debussy, and Liszt—that he commands not only the romantic grand manner but also a classic simplicity; another piano disc, entitled *Three Hands on two Pianos* represents a triumph over adversity by the well-known husband-and-wife partnership of Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick. It was on a tour of Russia, a few years ago, that Smith succumbed to a serious illness which cost him the use of his left hand but, instead of giving up, he and his wife launched on a new career as a three-handed piano duet. This, their first disc of its type (for both have in the past made solo recordings), contains attractive arrangements of a wide range of pieces, from Handel and Bach to Milhaud and Walton. This month Rafael Kubelik joins the DGG roster, directing the Berlin Philharmonic in music by Schumann (First and Fourth Symphonies), Handel (*Fireworks* and Water Music) and Wagner (*Siegfried Idyll, Tristan Prelude* and *Liebestod, Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin* Preludes). This mellifluous and finely disciplined orchestra responds warmly to the Czech-born conductor.

Let me conclude on a cheering note, expressly directed at the admirers of Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. They have just opened at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in *At the Drop of Another Hat*. Need I say more?

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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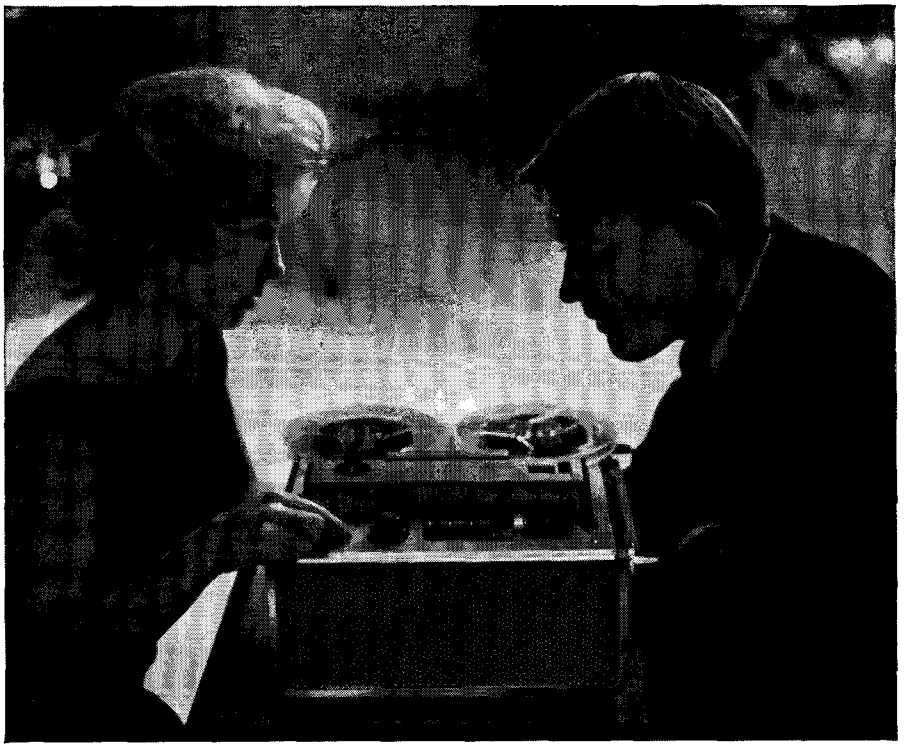

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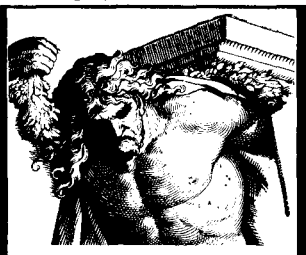

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

PRIOR RECORDING OF *SIEGFRIED*?

YOUR ARTICLES are usually so accurate that I am disturbed about the false headline in the August 31 issue, for this is not "A First Recording of *Siegfried.* Allegro issued a nineteen-record LP set of *The Ring* in 1954, probably recorded during actual rehearsals (or performances) of the Dresden State Opera. The *Siegfried* utilizes ten sides and the playing time exceeds four hours. However it has the traditional cuts. Thus, *The Ring* has been a part of my extensive LP opera collection for nine years.

ROBERT DUNNING.

Woods Hole, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Siegfried to which reference is made was, of course, not a recording. It was pirated from a Ring broadcast from Bayreuth, as discussed in SR ("The Ring Stolen Again") at the time of its appearance (SR,* April 4, 1954). *As the emanation from Bayreuth suggests, there were no cuts, traditional or otherwise, but some passages were lost when the tape reels were changed.*

WILLIAMS ON BRUBECK

MARTIN WILLIAM'S record review of the album *Dave Brubeck Quartet at Carnegie Hall* [*SR,* Sept. 28] illustrates the insular musical tastes and frankly cliquish jazz concepts that generally characterize his observations of the music. Williams recognizes the primordial forces (Bird, Monk, etc.) that have shaped modern jazz. Unfortunately, any musician whose art, in its purist expression, fails to adopt as an absolute cynosure the musical thinking of these formidable jazzmen is rendered hopelessly invalid by Williams.

This unimaginative critical approach is regrettable, for jazz is perhaps the most democratic of all musical forms. To impose such rigid and limited standards of evaluation is a disturbing paradox. The truth is that at its best Brubeck's playing, as Nat Hentoff has pointed out, can be inventive, exciting, and undeniably creative. It is worth noting that several jazzmen who are the constant recipients of Williams's critical praise regard Brubeck's music highly.

While Brubeck's piano playing possesses many admirable qualities, it also bears certain disappointments. Examples of both polarities may be heard in the album on which Williams based his review. Brubeck's shortcomings on this particular recording are only vaguely related to the grudging list of nullities Williams cites in his critique.

RICHARD M. CARTER.

Annapolis, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Opinion does not necessarily connote conformity. It makes criticism as well as horse races.*

MYSTERY AT THE METROPOLITAN

FIRST I WANT to express my sincere admiration for the taste and integrity of your reviews, and for your courage, too. I remember particularly your memorable piece, "Bing Fires the Public." And it is about Bing and the Metropolitan that I am writing to you now.

As a radio listener, I have been disturbed in recent years by the increasingly lackluster performances and roster at the Metropolitan. Our San Francisco Bay Area is a major center of FM transmission, and we hear at least six operas a week broadcast on records, as well as performances from the major European festivals. By comparison, the Metropolitan's Saturday matinees seem marred by incessant applause, incomprehensible diction, and the conspicuous absence of some of the greatest singers.

I think I have found a fantastic clue in this deepening mystery. Callas, Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau, and Christoff are among the singers *not* at the Metropolitan—and all of them record for EMI-Angel! On the other hand, Sutherland, Nilsson, Vickers, and MacNeill *are* at the Metropolitan—and all of them record for London. There are, to be sure, exceptions to this curious rule. But it looks as though Angel's best-selling artists are excluded from the Metropolitan.

HELEN RAND PARISH.

Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Among the Angel artists now or recently employed at the Metropolitan are Corelli, Maazel, Gedda, de los Angeles, Christa Ludwig, etc.*

ADDRESS FOR COPELAND

YOUR COMMENT ON the Debussy recording of George Copeland [SR, Aug. 31] was very much appreciated. Unfortunately there was an error in the address given for my office, where mail orders can be sent. It should read: Constance Wardle, 360 West 55th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

CONSTANCE WARDLE.

New York, N.Y.

HORIZON LOCATED

IN THE FEBRUARY 9 issue, under "Recordings Reports: Folk and Blues LPs," was listed an album, "Baby . . . Did You Hear." This was shown to be a Horizon label WP-1607. I have tried every place, including King Carol and the Record Finder, both in New York City, and everyone informs me they have never heard of this label. Will you please advise where records under this label are available.

MARJORIE GREENWELL.

Owensboro, Ky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Horizon Records may be addressed in care of World-Pacific Record Co., Hollywood, Calif.*

MISSING PUBLISHER

IN THE AUGUST 10 issue, under the listing of current books, was *Improvisation in Music,* by Gertrude Price Wollner, but no publisher was given. I have tried to get this book, but the library could not find it listed, so the music store was unable to order it.

LOUISE GUHL.

Dassel, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Improvisation in Music *is published by Doubleday.*

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Music To My Ears

Continued from page 56

matter—because no collaborators prior to Jerome Moross and Edward Eager have had the challenging idea of evolving a piece for the musical theatre from the materials of the minstrel show, and setting the whole against the background of the Civil War. "Musical theatre" it is, for all the fact that it is presented during the City Center's opera season, as a "novelty" supported by Ford Foundation money.

The idea has perhaps challenged the authors more than they might have welcomed, for it has left them still groping for a form, more than a little uncertain whether what they were writing was a revue, operetta, musical comedy—or something of all of these things. Between the minstrel beginning and end, this retrospect proceeds from Fort Sumter to Reconstruction days, but with only scant allusion to the frame of reference in which it is set.

Among these allusions, the best is the thought of using the Interlocutor, well cast in the choice of the versatile Dick Shawn, as a kind of guide and narrator of the events as they happen. At one moment he is a Pinkerton man, at another an impersonator of photographer Matthew Brady, at still another a gentlemen officer of the Old South. And the end men, Tambo (Avon Long) and Bones (Charles Atkins), play a functional part through the evening as representatives of a Negro point of view. However, this is really giving *Gentlemen Be Seated* more of a form than it actually possesses, for these comings and goings are not nearly as well sustained as they might be.

What *Gentlemen Be Seated* unquestionably demonstrates is the ability of Moross (whose *Parade, Frankie and Johnnie, Golden Apple,* and *Ballet Ballads* are well remembered) to escalate the vocabulary of the popular tune—commercial and noncommercial—into something like an art expression. He lacks, for true fulfilment of his objective, the mordant turn of emotion that Kurt Weill possessed, but in such numbers as "Shiloh," "'Mancipated," "I'm a Pinkerton Man," "It Isn't a Gentlemen's War Anymore," "It's Quiet on the Potomac Tonight," and especially "There was Jackson, Standing like a Stonewall" (for tenor and male chorus), Moross has woven adeptly, out of the sometimes worn threads of the popular idiom, a texture that has style as well as substance.

Part of the problem of performance comes from the lack of talent to match the sophistications of Moross's writing with the easygoing aptitudes of the folk style. Thus, for all he does very well, Shawn was more than a little ill at ease with the vocal intervals, as Long was even more. Alice Ghostly, as a kind of female counterpart of the Interlocutor (she, too, assumes several guises along the way) was more gratefully served by her material, but it was an approximation—if an amusing one—of the character latent in the writing. No such problem presented itself to Paul Draper, who designed well some ballroom "choreography," and also interpolated two or three specialties of his own inimitable kind.

Assuming that Moross and Eager might be tempted to try again (treating the Spanish-American period, perhaps?), the same cast could very well be better adjusted to a more perfected example of this style next time. In any case, thanks—theirs as well as ours—are owing to Julius Rudel, general director of the City Opera, for venturing so far from the course commonly associated with opera, and to conductor Emerson Buckley for pulling together, by main force alone, the loose ends of *Gentlemen Be Seated.*

JAKOV Fliere, long known as one of the major artists of the Soviet Union, brought a new kind of Russian pianism to his debut in this country as soloist with the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein's direction. It is racy, fluent, bright in sound, with a steady flow of musicality beneath such surface attributes as color, nuance, and refinement of detail. His is far from a flamboyant art, yet it has its undeniable share of personality.

However, he was both over-and undermatched in the third concerto of Rachmaninoff (D-minor). The subtly shaded, beautifully phrased statements of the opening measures were clearly those of an artist of the first rank. But this is a work of the second or the third category, with a number of flaws candidly admitted by its creator. One of two things could follow: Fliere could raise it to his musical level, or he could be depressed to its.

That the trend was inevitably in the second direction could be traced to one particular circumstance: lack of the pianistic power to build its crashing outbursts in movements 1 and 3 to the level required to provide the imposing façade otherwise lacking in the design of the work. It has been done, on past occasions, by Horowitz, by Cliburn, by William Kappel, and, of course, by the composer himself, but it demands a heroic kind of tone production that Fliere lacks. Hence the respect for his inherent abilities could not be coupled with a high rating for success in this particular undertaking. Bernstein gave him every reasonable assistance even if, inevitably, the orchestra had to obscure the soloist in those climaxes where justice to the composer's conception—however faulty—overrode considerations of hospitality.

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Continued from page 47

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SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MAINE—10 acres. Secluded, wooded, on shore of lake. 35 miles from turnpike. $2,000. Box E-484.

CENTRAL VERMONT. Old stagecoach inn. 10 bedrooms, new barn, ideal opportunity for riding stables, ski tow. Swimming pond. 390 acres land, splendid view. Louis Poulin, Washington, Vermont.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOK STORE, prime location, NYC., seeking working partner or sell outright. $8,000 required. Box E-633.

CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 2, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

RETIREMENT HOTEL with the finest to offer in year-round living, low rates. The Manor Retirement Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina.

RETIREMENT LIVING. No cash investment. Couples, single persons. Church-sponsored, nondenominational. Beautiful surroundings, all new. Pay expenses like monthly rent. Write: First Community Village, 1800 Riverside Drive, Columbus, Ohio.

CO-OPS for intelligent clientele from $8,190. Monthly upkeep $16. Box 973, in beautiful Hollywood, sunny Florida.

VACATIONS

BUDGET. We spend over half a million dollars each year just to keep this place fit for a king. Like to be one for a day . . . or longer? Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

GOOD HOPE in Jamaica. A paradise for Winter riding. 60 saddle horses. 20 marked trails. Ancient manor house, richly furnished. Swimming, lawn sports, calypso singing. 2,000 acre ranch. 3 hours from New York, 2 from Miami. Write for information. Good Hope, Falmouth, Jamaica, W. I.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $11 to $15 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

TROPICAL ISLAND BEACHFRONT. 2 bedroom apartment. Everything furnished. 3 months, $550, 6 months, $1,000. Box 171, Grenada, West Indies.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful ALABAMA HOTEL in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park bordering scenic Lake Maitland, making out-of-doors living a delight. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $14 to $24. Inquire about special rates for year round occupancy.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

VACATIONS

TUCSON, ARIZONA. WILMOT INN. Desert pleasures with maximum creature comforts in patio rooms and apartments. Swimming, transportation to University events. Varied menu, European Plan. Exciting plays weekly in the Inn's Dinner Theatre. 330 South Wilmot.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

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MUSIC FESTIVAL TOUR: 35 superlative performances at the Holland, Llangollen, Cheltenham, Haslemere, Glyndebourne, Salzburg, Munich, Bayreuth, Lucerne and Edinburgh Festivals, in London, Paris, Rome, Florence, Venice, Vienna. July 4th-August 23rd for $1,789 with splendid lectures, full sightseeing, many side trips, excellent hotels, fine meals. STUDY ABROAD, Inc./250 West 57th, NYC/Box 1505, Escondido, California.

TRAVEL

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, weekly $26 up, singles daily $7 up, doubles $11 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

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NEW YORK CITY WEEKENDS starting October 25th. Hotel Room; Important Theatre Events, Seminars; United Nations, Modern Art Lecture Tours. Only $59. SCHOLA, 353 West 57th Street, New York 19.

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TEACHERS—SUMMER 1964. Free travel to everywhere as tour leaders, with or without following. Call or write for weekend or evening appointment. Mrs. Ceroni, SITA World Travel, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, 212-265-7070.

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NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1542

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A piece in a certain ancient and popular game; recently executed criminal after several years of reprieves.

B. Nitrohydrochloric acid, which can dissolve gold (2 wds.).

C. Familiar epithet appellation of the "he man" (comp.).

D. What the Nazi called his swastika.

E. One of a Turkoman tribe in Bokhara.

F. Cause again to rest on the surface of a liquid.

G. Anybody's aims to shoot at, morally or physically.

H. Self-exaltation on the part of a group.

I. A warm, extra-nourishing drink, like flip.

J. Dickens's last titular character (surname).

K. Amer. novelist from New Orleans; category of Chaliapin, Hines, Siepi, etc.

L. Exceed in brilliance.

M. Thin and pale; weak; feeble (comp.).

N. Edible root of great value to many primitive peoples.

WORDS

138 88 146 58 73 109 20 196

77 174 136 8 144 187 112 162 105

87 128 63 116 68 34 193 22 39

23 102 124 18 184 69 190 45 29 50

4 130 66 108 33

64 167 121 67 5 123 54

150 107 89 137 172 158

11 129 133 194 17 159

176 191 117 44 2 165

119 46 154 180 26

52 183 60 72 118

79 141 178 147 14 49 30 70

161 125 182 156 83 101 36 132 55 90

113 131 185 120

DEFINITIONS

O. Resounding foghorn from southern Cape Cod, audible for many miles; signal, triple blasts.

P. Important atoll, Ellice Islands; U.S. base, 1943.

Q. Chief of Italian Aegean islands; also capital city of the group.

R. Epithet for James Stuart's first Parliament, 1614.

S. Contemporary French woman musician, great teacher (given name).

T. Originally, the five English towns of Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, and Hythe (2 wds.; as enfranchised by Edward the Confessor).

U. Want of rectitude.

V. How John the Baptist described the "highway for our God" in the desert.

W. Instrument which old sea captains called "the glass".

X. Attacks suddenly, violently, repeatedly.

Y. Beautiful modern city of South Africa.

Z. Rather peculiar.

Z¹. An ice cream containing chestnuts, candied fruit, etc., and named for an early 19th cent. Russian diplomat.

WORDS

75 10 110 160 95 177

97 175 57 16 6 192 27 157

186 99 143 38 74 142

71 31 41 48 93 188

37 24 145 179 94

148 85 181 135 59 47 92 28 80 98 1

170 122 155 149 42 7 40 163 103

12 35 21 51 139 127 166 43

151 111 15 195 3 100 76 61 25

56 114 19 189 168 82 104

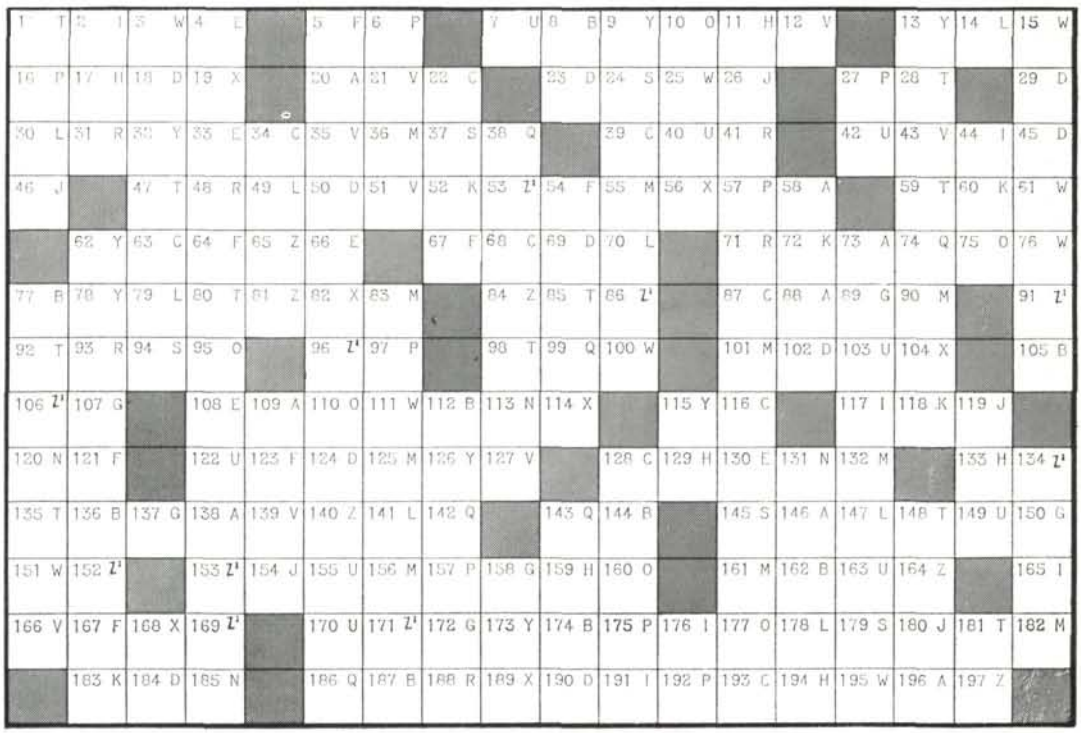
9 173 13 32 78 115 62 126

140 65 84 81 197 164

106 152 91 153 134 171 169 96 86 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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The others are not J&B

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